FLYING SAUCERS
FROM OTHER WORLDS

JUNE
35¢

FLYING SAUCER PILGRIMAGE
By Bryant & Helen Reeve

The True Story of a 23,000 Mile Pursuit of Flying Saucers and the People Who Have Contacted Them.

ELIZABETH KLARER'S FLYING SAUCER
South African Woman Sees and Photographs the Famous Disks

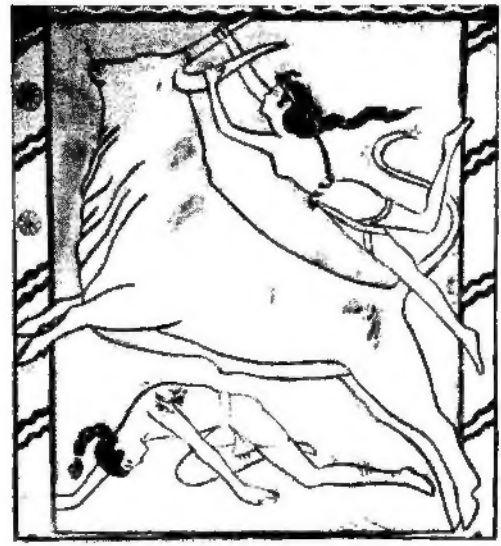
★

SAUCER OVER PARIS
One of the Most Sensational Sightings Recorded on Radar

SIGHTINGS BY SCIENTISTS ★ THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL

Other Tongues -- Other Flesh

George Hunt Williamson



In more recent times, there has been a growing realization that on other worlds than ours, even in other universes, there are other living beings. The idea that earth-bound man may someday journey into the heavens to discover other men and women, like or unlike himself, grows by leaps and bounds. Within man's soul lies the truth — mortals exist on other spheres!

Here is a book that brings home this tremendous fact with a dynamic force and sweep that will astound the reader, and convince him beyond all doubt. Here is a HISTORY, a collection of PROOF, and a tremendous THEORY.

While man in his heart knows that other worlds are also inhabited, he is reluctant to admit that Earth is only one small house of the "many mansions" in the Father's house. But the truth stares him in the face, and now, having arrived at a place in his civilization where only Truth will be able to survive, it has become necessary to reaffirm and establish three truths, namely: (1) Science and religion are one and the same thing; (2) The entire universe is magnetic in nature, and even culture is influenced by the laws of magnetism; (3) Space visitors, mentioned in the Bible and ancient mythology, have been coming to Earth throughout the ages, and are now making themselves known to aid mankind in entering a New Age.

In this book, many references and quotations are given from the latest authentic reports on Saucer phenomena. Because many believe there are contradictions in some of the reported happenings, it has been necessary to show that there is a great story and purpose behind all these experiences.

Here, in this book, is the history of OTHER TONGUES, and of OTHER FLESH; calm, scientific evidence that there are brothers of ours in the skies overhead.

We are not alone in the Universe!

WRITTEN BY A SCIENTIST AND A SCHOLAR

George Hunt Williamson served with the Army Air Corps during World War II as Radio Director for the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command. He received the Army Commendation Award from Brig. Gen. C. W. Lawrence for his outstanding record of service. He served as an instructor in Anthropology for the United States Armed Forces Institute.

He attended Cornell College, Eastern New Mexico University, the University of Arizona, and took a special course at the University of Denver. He majored in anthropology with many courses in sociology, biology, philosophy and geology.

In 1948 he was awarded the coveted Gold Key for outstanding scientific research by the Illinois State Archaeological Society. He has spent a great deal of time doing field-work in Social Anthropology in the northern part of the United States, Mexico and Canada. He is an authority on Indian dances, music and ceremonial costuming.

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....Editorial...

This is the first FLYING SAUCERS From Other Worlds. And judging from the number of people who are sighting Unidentified Flying Objects it won't be the last! Actually it is amazing to consider that since 1947, when the flying saucers first became headline news, there has been a ten-year period in which nobody has put out a Flying Saucer magazine, with the exception of the many amateur groups of saucer researchers and enthusiasts who have published their own little magazines which they circulate by mail. Perhaps that is the reason they have done so - - there was no national publication on the subject.

Of course, there are those who will say: "Not so amazing - - there's a censorship on flying saucers that's why there have been no magazines like it!" As publisher and editor, we want to say just one thing about that particular theory - - bunk! Here in America the publishing of magazines, newspapers and books is as free as the air. There is no censorship of any kind. And we intend to prove it. FLYING SAUCERS is a factual magazine, and it will print every word of truth (and the rumors too, except that they will be so labeled) concerning flying saucers and all other "unidentified" phenomena. We intend to continue publishing FLYING SAUCERS. If it should suddenly disappear from the newsstands, that will PROVE there is a censorship. If you can't buy your copy of FLYING SAUCERS every month (we only publish it six times a year as a fact magazine), then you will KNOW it has been suppressed. And if it is suppressed, then you will know that freedom in America has disappeared.

In a way this is a challenge. We are reminded of Gray Barker's book "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers" (incidentally, Gray Barker is our Eastern Editor, and his report will be in every issue of FLYING SAUCERS), and of the "men in black" who go around silencing people who talk too much about flying saucers. Barker has written a pretty good book, and as the original flying saucer investigator, we know that what he says is the truth. When he makes a deduction, he labels it as such. When he says a man was scared out, he was. But, was it actually censorship? Frankly we don't think so. It was a sort of "pressure," but the source of this pressure is something of a mystery. If that mystery can be solved, we intend to do it. In any event, no men in black will scare the editors of FLYING SAUCERS into silence, and no pressure group will put them out of business.

According to Barker, this pressure group is a secret group. It does not exist, publicly (maybe it doesn't actually; we don't know). Its desire is secrecy. Thus, the disappearance of FLYING SAUCERS from the newsstands would mean the secret was out. Therefore, we predict that nobody, no not anybody, will suggest that FLYING SAUCERS fold its pages and steal silently into the unknown.

To the average man, the flying saucer is fiction. That's because he hasn't been properly informed about them. In that respect, there is a sort of "secrecy" surrounding saucers. Much of it is due to the type of newspaper writer who does the "feature story," but who is always careful to keep his tongue in his cheek, and leave the back door open for his hasty exit via the "I was only fooling" alibi - - and by plainly labeling his story "ridicule." When flying saucers first appeared, no writer had the gumption to sit down and state it as a plain news item. No, they had to make a huge joke out of it - - laugh loudly, pull jokes and gags about it, suggest that the sighters of these objects needed either an eye doctor or a head doctor. Better to treat it that way than have their fellow men suggest that they themselves needed the bone specialist because they "really believed that stuff!" Your editor has a word for that kind of writers, and it is spelled "tramp." They ride the fourth estate rails free. They aren't newspapermen, with the force of character that demands that they dispense the news as it is, come hell or high water. They are word-slingers, publicity hounds, penny-ante employees who count the number of words in a story as a salary check. So much a word. A penny a word. And any word that might possibly risk that penny income, is just not written. Laughing jackasses, the whole lot of them.

Because it is a **fact**, there **are** flying saucers. Everybody who has done any research at all, considered the evidence, knows that beyond all doubt. There are many many thousands of these people, and there are many thousands who know from **personal** contacts sightings and the like, that there **is** something in the sky besides their own imagination. With all the weight of evidence available today, the writer who writes a derisive article is a literary tramp. He does not deserve the title "reporter."

FLYING SAUCERS intends to be a **first class reporter.** In these pages you will read everything there is to be reported about flying saucers, or anything remotely related to the vast subject those two words have come to be. In these pages you will hear about every sighting we can round up, with all the details, with all the supporting evidence, with all the proof. If there is a picture taken of a flying saucer, and we can get hold of it, we'll print it. If we can prove that such a photo is a fake, we will prove it. No matter where the chips fall, we will wield the axe. In these pages you will find rumors reported also, together with the source, or lack of source, and plainly labeled as such. Such a report is a factual report as much as the presentation of a fact is a factual report. In these pages you will find articles by everybody who has a reasonable opinion (and perhaps some of them may be unreasonable - - but we lack a true criterion in that respect, so we won't censor). You will find theories advanced, by experts, by amateurs. You will find first-person accounts, such as the articles beginning this month by Bryant and Helen Reeve. They went about the country visiting people like Adamski, Bethurum, Fry, Williamson, Leslie, Angelucci, to find out about these people from first hand, live with them, analyze them, and thus evaluate their stories. We think you will find their accounts absorbingly interesting. And certainly they are true, to the very last word.

If you are a member of a flying saucer club, you will find a section of this magazine devoted to such clubs, and news about them. You will find competent reviews of books published about flying saucers. You will find readers letters printed, giving free voice to expression. **Your** letter can be printed, if you've got anything to say! You'll find a column devoted to a gathering place of flying saucer fans, so that they may discover each other, communicate with each other, get their personal wants published - such as having books to sell or trade, sightings to exchange, services asked or offered. You will find reviews of saucer movies; saucer events; conventions; news events.

In short, you will find the most complete coverage of this intensely interesting subject in the world.

The staff of FLYING SAUCERS make up perhaps the most informed group of UFO researchers that can be found outside military projects such as Project Bluebook, etc. The staff of this magazine have ten years of experience behind them, and the most versatile knowledge of their subject that can be found. Some of the members of the staff are amateurs, some are actually scientists - - like George Hunt Williamson, who is an anthropologist and archaeologist.

And lastly, your editor is the **original** flying saucer investigator, dating back to 1944, three years before the saucers became general knowledge. This editor has perhaps the most complete collection of facts and evidence on flying saucers in the world. We doubt if even military research project files contain much of the information we have amassed.

How big is the flying saucer subject? That's a question that would take books to answer, but we can give you some idea of what it actually is. For instance, it is not just the subject of possible space ships from other worlds who are visiting this planet. It is not as mechanical and "pat" as that. As an example, if you have read George Adamski's books, you will find certain "principles" stressed. These principles are brought out with spacemen as an "avenue of expression," so to speak. What the men from Venus tell Mr. Adamski is not purely mechanistic, it has spiritual overtones. You might even say it has religious overtones. The flying saucers are in their "heavens," but so is God and God's laws. Before you scoff at this sort of interpretation of UFO phenomena, stop and think awhile: If man were created on other worlds, isn't it reasonable to assume that he has a relationship to man on this planet? When a spaceship comes to us from another world, does it just mean the visit of a machine? No, it is the visit of one of our "brothers." If he is a man, he belongs to the brotherhood of man. The implications here are pretty terrific.

Certainly not all planets are advanced to the same stage. Some may be behind us, many must be ahead of us — even millions of years. Consider what our science has achieved since 1901. What then must be the science knowledge of a race of men who are 10,000 years beyond that stage? How would that advanced scientific knowledge fit into our world? It does not take more than a moment of thought to realize that it **might not** fit at all! And our visitors, being so much further advanced, would **know** it wouldn't fit. Thus, they would withhold it from us.

But, since we have advanced quite far, to the stage where our science

can destroy our very planet, and perhaps even seriously effect others, we are, to these advanced people, children with dangerous toys who bear watching (at the very least), and firm control and restriction. If our atom bombs do effect other worlds, we are responsible, and if we do not control our own actions, we may well find them controlled for us.

There are those who have other explanations for the flying saucers. Some very mystical explanations. They point to the Bible, and to Ezekiel, who tells us very plainly of flying saucers that landed near him, and whose occupants he actually contacted. He not only spoke to them, but like our modern prototypes (Adamski, Angelucci, Fry, Bethurum, etc) was taken for a ride. If we believe in the Bible — and why shouldn't we? — then there is a direct connection with Ezekiel's time and our time.

Thus, FLYING SAUCERS is not a magazine of narrow viewpoint, but one that spans perhaps the widest area of human activity and thought that can be encompassed into the scope of a single book. The Air Force pilot who is sent aloft to intercept a flying object of unknown nature has something in common with the church member reading Ezekiel, or Revelations. The astronomer who sees strange evidences of artificial constructions and lights on the moon has something in common with the chemist who analyzes a bit of "angel hair" purported to fall from the sky. The physicist who has a mathematical equation for gravity and accelleration has something in common with the engineer who observes a UFO traveling at 1800 miles per hour make an abrupt right angle turn which would leave an earthly pilot a bloody smear against the inside wall of his cockpit. The philosopher who declares that "there are more things under heaven" than we dream of has something in common with the laborer who digs in the soil and unearths a relic of a civilization long forgotten by the memory of man.

All of them have something common in a magazine called FLYING SAUCERS! And with such an infinite possibility for variety of interests existing, who can predict what you may be reading in these pages a year from now? The possibilities are endless, and intensely fascinating. The promise of exciting adventure into new realms of thought, philosophy, science, experience and theory is great.

If a flying saucer from a civilization on another world far ahead of us in science, culture and humanitarianism were to land on the White House lawn, it could not fail to effect the entire future history of this Earth. Thus, this magazine is directly concerned with the future history of all of us. It's no joking matter, no magazine of fiction, but a magazine of tremendous significance to all of us. In these pages we will watch the development of everything important to man's way of life.

Not so long ago an Air Force pilot fired upon a flying saucer. What if the flying saucers fire back? Assuming that this might happen, what would be the nature of their return fire? Probably far more potent fire than ours, in keeping with their superior aircraft and superior science. This could be quite serious to us. Actually, this is one of the factors that go to make up military thinking concerning the flying saucers. Many military men, aware that the flying saucers are real, are con-

(*Continued on page* 38)

Flying Saucer

HELEN AND BRYANT REEVE

Bryant Reeve is an American Engineer, a graduate of Yale and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He and his wife Helen became interested in Saucers in 1953, and due to conflicting information and official denials decided to make their own investigation.

***Flying Saucer Pilgrimage* is the story of their amazing private research which took two year's time and over 23,000 miles of travel.**

Above photograph was taken in 1955 on the balcony of their apartment in Mexico City while they were investigating saucers South of the Border.

Henry was talking. "Here's a man who claims he saw a 'flying saucer' and talked to the pilot. He says the pilot was from Venus!"

Henry is a fabulous person. He had, as usual, without the slightest warning burst into our home in Detroit, Michigan. Anything new, exciting, beautiful, imaginative —

Pilgrimage

Perhaps you've read a dozen books written by persons who claim to have contacted, and actually ridden in, flying saucers. You've studied their stories, evaluated them from every angle — and perhaps you are still puzzled? Well, here is the first of a series of articles in which you will actually meet all of these people, face to face, and get to know them, as did Bryant and Helen Reeve, who actually went and lived with them. Here is the story behind the story!

physical or metaphysical — in this world or out of it would excite Henry to a fever pitch.

It was November, 1953 and we were entertaining guests. Although the hour was late, it did not deter dear Henry.

"How insane can these fellows get?" said I, not a little annoyed.

"How gullible do they think we are?" exclaimed one of our guests.

"No! Honestly!" cried Henry. "This is serious! This man has written a book on it. I sat up all night reading an advance copy. It is called **Flying Saucers Have Landed** and was written by Desmond Leslie and George Adamski. Here it is!"

"Let's see it," came an excited chorus. Everybody tried to grab it at once.

Being an engineer, a college graduate, and employed by a staid and respectable manufacturing firm, I really felt it was up to someone to exhibit shall we say a little dignity and common sense. Besides I had never heard of flying saucers, except through a few obscure references in newspapers which always ridiculed them, as of course any sane editor would — and should!

So I sat back utterly disgusted while the guests and, may I add, my wife Helen pawed at the book like three-year olds going after candy.

"Look, it has photographs — real photographs of flying saucers!" shouted a guest.

"Photographs my eye," I yelled over the hubbub. "The man's a fake. How does he think he can get away with this! He ought to be ——"

"No, I feel the fellow is really sincere," put in Henry. "And besides an Irishman in the first part of the book says there are lots of historical records about these things."

That respectful reference to the Irish slipped by unchallenged as the controversy in our home became hotter and hotter. The evening grew later and later.

"If there is even a slight chance of this thing being true, it is the biggest thing in the world," exclaimed my wife.

"There's only one thing to do," said Henry dramatically: "Call the man up and get him to Detroit. Where's the phone?"

That was Henry for you. Direct action always at any cost! It was our telephone, but we were all used to Henry.

Before I could open my mouth he had placed a long distance telephone call to one Mr. George Adamski in Valley Center, California, a man we never knew existed until a few hours previously.

A tense silence settled over the room as we all waited for the operator to call us back — a hush of excited expectancy. My wife Helen was on an extension telephone with pencil poised to take notes. What a contrast to the previous bedlam.

The bell rang. Henry made a beeline for the phone and got there first. The rest all crowded around.

Henry said, "Hello. operator, hello! Is this Mr. George Adamski? No? Operator! You say he has no phone. No phone!"

"Well," thought I secretly, "that ought to end this crazy business. Good riddance."

But this turned out to be wishful thinking. I had momentarily forgotten Henry who was still burning with that unquenchable fire for things unusual and mysterious.

"Look," he suddenly burst out, "Is it worth ten dollars apiece to you to get George Adamski to Detroit to find out the truth about this thing?"

The way he said it made you feel like a groveling piker — a downright worm — if you did not immediately jump to your feet with check book in hand to support so glorious and worthy a project.

Grudgingly I said, "Sure, but ——"

Henry interrupted, "Oh, I know what you're thinking — ten dollars isn't enough ——"

Confidentially at that time my thoughts were along a rather opposite line, but before I could say a word Henry settled the matter by exclaiming inspirationally, "Then I'll write Adamski tomorrow and invite him to Detroit to talk to us, and we will all work to get forty people to put up a like amount to cover expenses."

Well folks, that's the story! That is the breathless way we got started on a "flying saucer pilgrimage." Funny thing is, we didn't realize until later the amazing path we had embarked upon.

But it has been pretty breathless all the way. Little did we realize the interesting "saucer" people we were to meet, the places we were to go, the fascinating experiences that lay ahead of us and above all the earth-shaking revisions in our basic life concepts that would occur in our quest for —— what?

What was this pilgrimage all about? What were we after? What was driving us? What was the goal?

Maybe we should blame Henry! Maybe some of his burning white-hot enthusiam for the unknown, the mysterious, the fantastic, the mystical, the impossible, rubbed off on us.

But the goal really became just one thing — to know the truth about flying saucers! The plain unvarnished truth — shorn of all propaganda, all pros and cons, all "hooey". We did not want opinions. We wanted facts. Facts that we could "put our teeth into" and hang onto and know that we had something solid! We wanted to convince ourselves one way or the other!

Now if some of you readers feel this same way, we invite you to re-

live with us our "flying saucer pilgrimage" — our search for the truth. We are not interested in convincing anyone else of anything. Far from it. That is not our purpose. But so many sincere people have asked us to tell them what we found out about flying saucers, that we decided we would try not only to tell about our experiences, but try to give our readers the "feel" of them so that all may judge for themselves.

We will try to be good and forthright reporters at all times — telling you factually, to the best of our ability, of our experiences. Above all we will try to label our impressions as such, our conclusions as such, and any philosophizing we do as such — as our own, which you may accept or repudiate at will.

This will leave you free to make up your own minds. If you come to different conclusions than we did — fine! No harm done at all. Each to his own. We are all individuals, with different viewpoints — all in different states of evolvement. Surely we are mature enough to respect each other's views without quarrelling or giving way to undue emotionalism. It would be a dull world if we all thought alike — wouldn't it?

So here we go! Take it easy because we are about to take you on a journey of flying saucer research which covers over two years of time and more than 23,000 miles of travel. And let's argue all we wish — but let's enjoy the ride — the meetings — the sights - the experiences — our "flying saucer pilgrimage"!

2.

THE SAUCERERS START COMING TO DETROIT

"What is the right name for a person who contacts a flying saucer or a space-man, or has some outstanding saucer experience?" Helen asked this question one bright March morning in Detroit in 1954.

"Well I know some names the public calls 'em — likewise the newspapers!" I replied.

"No, that's not funny," she persisted. "After all people are contacting these things — having saucer experiences, and we need a name for them! Let's see — oh, I've got it — 'saucerer'! How's that, 'saucerer'?"

"Wonderful," I replied. But the word 'saucerer' is not new you know — we have, I believe our British friends to thank for it. Of course the skeptics will just love it! They will think you are saying 'sorcerer' and be dee-lighted. 'Saucerer' or 'sorcerer' — one and the same thing to them!"

"And, such levity I suppose suggests just why saucers levitate," snapped Helen. "Let's cut this out and agree on the term 'saucerer'."

And so "we" decided to use the word "saucerer." Incidentally who ever got the idea that women needed the vote? About half of the time I try to use the chosen word, it still comes out "sorcerer" — but maybe down the dusty roads of eternity the two words may merge a bit — who knows?

GEORGE ADAMSKI ARRIVES

Our friend Henry was as good as his word. He wrote to Mr. Adamski and received a really sincere and beautiful reply. Mr. Adamski stated that he would gladly come to Detroit to tell of his "contact", but that since he was not a man of great means he would need his expenses paid.

That was a great day for the Detroit group. It buzzed around and soon had forty "sponsors" to help

finance Mr. Adamski's trip and two small lectures. The small auditorium of the Detroit Institute of Arts was engaged for this purpose. Our friends Henry and Laura and a young enthusiast named Ronny, and my wife formed the group who worked like beavers on the project.

What's more enthusiastic and joyful than a group infested with the saucer virus? Who in blazes wants to stay on just one planet anyway! Ah, that spirit of adventure! The mystery of the unknown! Here was something new, exciting and unprecedented in Detroit, the city of automobiles. After all, what is an automobile in comparison to a flying saucer?

Our home came to resemble New York's Grand Central Station. The phone rang incessantly. Committee meetings lasted until late at night.

Helen became so inspired she vowed that if the saucers turned out to be "real", she would be a regular "Joan of Arc" for the "cause". After that assertion, everytime she ran into a group of hardboiled skeptics, I would start wondering just who was going to burn who "at the stake"!

Train time soon was approaching. We were about to meet a man who had met a man from outer-space! Kind of a cosmic cousin once removed from outer - space!

Henry waxed poetic as he proclaimed he alone should have the signal honor of meeting this exceptional man at the railroad station. Was it not he, Henry, who first read the book and told us all about it? Nevertheless the committee soundly voted him down and went in a body to meet Mr. George Adamski.

There he was at the railroad station: tall, distinguished looking, grey - haired, wearing a beret that rivalled Field Marshall Montgomery's. He was about 63 years of age. His parents had brought him from Poland when he was very young. He had to go to work at an early age and was forced to leave school. However his self - education proved to be astonishing. He was an amateur astronomer, philosopher and metaphysician. He was certainly an interesting individual. He spoke with a slight accent, but he had a grand smile and we immediately experienced a feeling of friendship and liking for him.

We hustled him to his hotel; he was our first "live" saucerer in Detroit!

A PRESS CONFERENCE EXTRAORDINARY

One of the first events scheduled was a press conference. Representatives and photographers of the Detroit metropolitan newspapers showed up along with those of a Windsor (Canada) newspaper.

Some of these news hounds — but not all — were pretty hard - boiled skeptics. We had cocktails and luncheon, but the inquisition started almost at once. Frankly, I experienced forebodings.

The scene was unforgettable. George Adamski sat at the head of the table. Back of him were "blown-up" pictures of his telescope and his saucers. The news - hounds deserted their chairs, crowded around him, and literally rained questions on their unpretentious victim. Questions were fired so fast that they overlapped each other. From our viewpoint every approach, every ruse was being used to trip him up.

We sat back in wonderment. With every passing moment our respect and admiration mounted for this sincere and unruffled man. The

questioning and photographing lasted several hours. Mr. Adamski was standing up under the barrage. He was doing more than that; he was gradually creating a miracle, a lessening of skepticism and an increase of respect!

If anyone was "hot and bothered", it was some of the news-hounds They were trying to move a rock, but the rock would not move.

Smiling, courteous, friendly and unruffled despite some near insults, we felt that George Adamski did himself proud that day in Detroit.

Next morning we all rushed for the news stands. To our great relief our guest had landed on some of the front pages in all his glory, and courteously though somewhat skeptically on others.

I hope some of the news - hounds read this book because we thought they did a marvelous job. Maybe they did not realize it, but at that

Above George Adamski, one of the pioneer contactees whose first book co-authored by Desmond Leslie aroused the interest of Bryant and Helen Reeve and incubated them on their Flying Saucer Pilgrimage.

Below George Adamski at press conference in Detroit Michigan in 1954.

time we did not know George Adamski any better than they did although we were in the role of "sponsors". Just remember that flying saucers were even more incredible and fantastic then than now. Some of us even mentally put ourselves in the reporters' "boots" and wondered what we would write for the papers if we had such a fantastic subject for our assignment. They handled it beautifully. They gave full vent to his story but took no responsibility for it, and they ended up with a polite, artistic and friendly question mark. After all, what else could they do?

AN INCREDIBLE RADIO BROADCAST

However, the press publicity did not impress the radio stations. Laura approached them and was met with cold refusal. "Too incredible, apt to make us a laughing stock, can't risk it", were the general reactions.

Finally as a special personal favor to Laura, one of the large radio stations, WWJ, reluctantly consented to a five minute radio interview at one P.M. on a certain afternoon. Ross Mulholland was the redoubtable gentleman who dared take on this interview.

Mr. Adamski went on the air with all the excitement behind the scenes of a premiere performance. The interview started with magnificent questions by Mr. Mulholland. Was it to go over, or was it to be a flop? We held our breath.

The replies of Mr. Adamski were calm, convincing, and sensible. An unusual feeling of sincerity was sensed. A thrill stole over the broadcast room. Technicians and helpers paused in their work to listen — almost in awe — to this simple man who told of his contact on the California desert with a man from another world.

Mr. Mulholland encouraged those present in the audience and the radio technicians on duty at the station to ask questions. The five minute dead line came, went and died — almost unnoticed. The interest mounted to a thrilled tension. Other scheduled programs were cancelled. Only station announcements and short commercials cut into the interview.

That five minute flying saucer radio interview in Detroit finally ended in a burst of applause one hour and twenty five minutes after it started. Saucer history was in the making that day in Detroit.

TWO SMALL LECTURES

The Adamski small lectures were held in an auditorium in the Detroit Institute of Arts with a seating capacity of about 400 persons. They were limited to "sponsors" and their friends who wished to purchase tickets. The seats were "sold out" in no time, and the lectures were packed.

The first lecture was entitled "What Is The World Headed For?" There was no lack of interest or curiosity. Few lectures faced a more open minded audience. Yet after the first lecture we sensed a slight feeling of disappointment. There were not enough "experiences" in it and too much philosophy and preaching — so said some of our friends

The second lecture was entitled "My Experiences". It was much better than the first, and the audience as a whole was fascinated by Mr. Adamski's stirring account of his contact on the California desert with a man from outer - space. He told how with a background of amateur astronomy he first became interested in sky phenomena, and

of the many days and nights he spent out in the open with a telescope and camera. After many many attempts he finally obtained a few good photographs of large cigar - shaped space ships with their small saucers or scout - ships. Finally a series of events led to his contact with a space man in a desolate region near Desert Center, California, on November 20, 1952. There were six other persons present at this meeting. He also told of unusual foot-prints left by the man from outer space and of how he gave to the space man a photographic plate - holder from his camera. This article was returned to Mr. Adamski twenty three days later when the space - man returned and flew over Palomar Gardens, the place where Mr. Adamski was residing at that time.

Most of the audience was delighted at this forthright account of his experiences. A few skeptics and scientists, however, voiced their disapproval, but their protests were drowned out in the general enthusiasm.

After each lecture there was a question and answer period. In a lull in one of these periods a deep booming voice from the last row inquired, "Mr. Adamski, what about sex on Venus?"

It was none other than "Singapore Joe" Fischer, the world traveller and lecturer and intrepid Britisher who knows more about South Africa and the Orient than our own State Department!

A tense hush fell on the audience. One could have heard a pin drop. I did not know whether to head for the door or wait to see what would happen.

Mr. Adamski considered a moment, and then with undisturbed equanimity replied, "Well, sir, if you went to Venus, I do not believe you would have to learn any new tricks!"

I caught a swift glimpse of a few very dignified ladies desperately trying to keep a straight face — but failing. The rest of the audience broke into such an unrestrained spasm of merriment that soon everybody joined in. This lecture we felt was really a worthwhile affair.

DESMOND LESLIE

The British "Sourcerer Royal"
Desmond Leslie is a cultured and highly educated Irish author. He is a second cousin of Winston Churchill, is well acquainted with British Royalty and because of his interest in flying saucers has been dubbed "The Sourcerer Royal."

His historical research into space-ships and space-phenomena from antiquity to the present day has pointed out to mankind that such phenomena are not new but have occurred for thousands of years. His research is set forth in the book *"Flying Saucers Have Landed"* which he co-authored with Mrs. George Adamski. He has lectured on space-ships in both England and America.

Above he is shown addressing an audience in Columbus, Ohio in 1955.

After it was over, Mr. Adamski was given no rest but was hustled to a reception arranged by his Detroit "Sponsors" in a nearby hotel. They all wanted a chance to meet this pioneer saucerer personally He was finally prevailed upon to speak, but he spoke not of saucers but of — will you please guess what? The answer is **religion!**

We mention this because in this book we are trying to give you a true picture of the personalities of these interesting people — these pioneer saucerers who have labored to bring the truth about flying saucers to the public at large. We will do our best to take you along with us on our saucer pilgrimage and give you a first hand report of what the saucerers are like and give you a chance to judge for yourselves.

I PRACTICALLY BUY AN INTEREST IN FLYING SAUCERS

Calm did not settle on our home after these small lectures. Far from it. Our telephone and the sponsors' telephones rang day and night with demands to see and hear Mr. Adamski. The callers implied that we were attempting to keep Mr. Adamski from the general public. The publicity had alerted hundreds of saucer fans now clamoring for Mr. Adamski. What to do was a question. We were not professional promoters but simple students and truth seekers. We had little knowledge as to how to go about conducting large public lectures. However, I must have underestimated our little group!

I came home tired from work one evening and was greeted brightly by my wife Helen with the remark, "Congratulations! You've just rented the Masonic Temple!"

"I've just rented what?" I yelled.

"The Detroit Masonic Temple — for the public to hear Mr. Adamski — only $1,200.00 — I signed you up!"

To say that I was ready to "give the saucers back to the Venusians" was putting it mildly! By the time the atmosphere had cleared a bit, I tried to realize through a sort of blue - haze just what had happened. "I" had practically purchased an interest in flying saucers and had become sole entrepreneur in a sort of cosmic philanthropic enterprise using the biggest auditorium in the state of Michigan to educate the dear public on space ships! — Wow!

"Say," I yelled, "just don't rent Carnegie Hall in New York City until I catch my breath —!"

"Now don't worry" was my wife's reply. "It's going to be all right — you just relax and wait and see —"

And, confound it, she was right. These women — and their vote!

THE BIG EVENT

The marquee of the 5,000 seat Detroit Masonic Temple was blazing with Mr. Adamski's name and the subject of his lecture, "Flying Saucers" I had not yet become accustomed to the difference in feeling of having a mere casual interest in saucers as compared to that of having a financial interest in same The pre sale of tickets had not been too encouraging, and as we entered the stage door it started to rain That does it, I thought, but wait—.

Things were happening out in front. The ticket office was not yet open, but a large crowd had begun to line up to purchase tickets. Soon the immense auditorium began to fill with people.

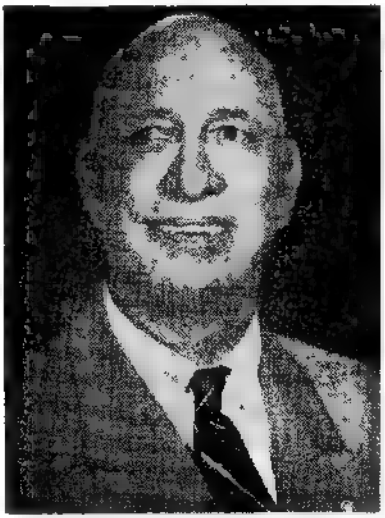
I was busy setting up a slide projector to use to throw original Adamski saucer photographs on a screen. Incidentally this proved to be a flop because the light was too

weak. Please remember we were rank amateurs at this business The screen on the stage needed adjusting, and while engaged in this adjustment I saw someone tampering with the projector which I had so carefully adjusted. I rushed back and told the intruder off in no uncertain terms. While this was going on, Henry came up and introduced us, and the young man turned out to be John Otto, lecturer and researcher on Flying Saucers. What an embarrassing way to become acquainted with someone I had looked forward to meeting for a long time!

Shortly thereafter my wife joined me and told me it would soon be necessary to open up the balcony for practically all of the 3,000 seats on the lower floor were already filled. I could hardly believe she was serious. It seemed amazing that there were so many people interested in saucers in the city of Detroit who would brave the rain on a Sunday night to hear about them. It just couldn't be. As I would not take Helen's estimate seriously, she suggested that I take a trip to the lobby and see for myself. I did so, and to my amazement the lobby was overflowing with people. Going outside, I saw a queue of people on the sidewalk clear to the end of the block — and the weather was still wet and nasty. I saw all this but still could hardly believe it.

The balcony was opened, and 4,700 people attended that Saucer Lecture, undoubtedly the biggest of its kind to date

Unfortunately, as we viewed it, the lecture did not go off too well. As stated, the projector proved inadequate because the people in the balcony could not see the Adamski photographs of saucers. In addition, Mr. Adamski seemed under great nervous tension. He had to leave Detroit for New York that night, and no doubt he was concerned about making his train connection. The interesting details of his saucer contact so well presented at the second lecture were not forthcoming. Mr. Adamski mentioned to the audience that a woman in England had written him her interpretation of the makings on the footprints left by the Venusian in the sand on the desert, and he added that he felt the interpretation was about ninety percent correct. The audience clamored for the letter of interpretation to be read, and precious lecture time was spent in the reading of this



TRUMAN BETHURUM

Truman Bethurum, an American maintenance mechanic, contacted the same large flying saucer on eleven different occasions between July and November of 1952, in the vicinity of Glendale, Nevada, and Kingman, Arizona, U.S.A.

These experiences and his conversations with the woman captain of the spaceship form an interesting chapter in saucer history.

He is the author of *"Aboard a Flying Saucer."*

lengthy letter which we feel few people understood.

The lecture ended with a brief question and answer period which ran into unusual difficulties because of the size of the audience.

The ending came within minutes of train time, so we had to make a mad rush for the railway station. We said good - bye to Mr. Adamski with regret. Since then we have been with him on a good many occasions — even in old Mexico. He is truly an extraordinary individual — a man of many contrasts, many moods, many ideas, and many experiences — different, so different!

3.

WE MEET TRUMAN BETHURUM

After this first saucer "invasion" in Detroit via the Adamski lectures, we had a period of relative quiet to discuss and ponder these initial foot steps in our pilgrimage to discover the meaning of flying saucers.

We say "relative quiet" because saucer arguments went on at a lively rate in the basement recreation room of our Detroit home about every night. Willy - nilly our home became a sort of Mecca for those interested in saucers. People would call us and tell us of their own sightings or ask to come over and discuss the subject. We had made tape recordings of the Adamski lectures, and many who had been unable to attend these lectures expressed a desire to hear the tape recordings. Saucer clubs and groups were springing up almost spontaneously.

In passing, may we briefly state that in the year 1952 or thereabouts there were some exceptional sightings of saucers in the Detroit area. Some of these were well attested by witnesses. We became well acquainted with some of these sightings, but it is not our purpose in this book to catalog sightings. This has already been done far better by others than we could do it.

What we are trying to relate is that saucer activity seemed to have an unseen "ground swell" of its own and was expanding and not contracting, and we found ourselves right in the midst of this activity.

A natural phase of this interest was an effort by our group and others to discover and read all possible written material on the subject. Saucer books were in great demand, and there were more of them than we suspected at first. Some authors were cataloging and discussing recent sightings of space - ships and other sky phenomena with great earnestness and seriousness. Others were delving into past records and coming up with citations amazingly similar to the current phenomena. Still others with more of a religious or metaphysical background were scanning such writings as the Christian Bible, Oahspe, and works on the prehistoric civilizations of Atlantis and Lemuria for evidence of space - ships in antiquity. All these researchers seemed to be finding references to space ships. Was it possible that these were not new phenomena? To our utter amazement a startling mass of references from ancient records and writings seemed to point this way. Some saucer fans started compiling saucer scrap books from newspapers and periodical clippings. The size and extent of some of these were well worth noting.

As for ourselves we decided to "go slow and hear everybody's side" before we could permit ourselves to form any conclusions. We read everything we could lay our hands on in

the way of both current and ancient material relating to the subject. We also studied all possible correlative material on such subjects as levitation, teleportation and similar phenomena in an effort to throw some light on how space ships could operate without fuel. We also wanted to meet and talk personally with the other witnesses to Mr. Adamski's contact. Before our pilgrimage was concluded we were fortunate enough to contact four out of six of these witnesses. But above all we wanted to meet as many people as possible who were having definite saucer experiences. We wanted as broad a view of this amazing subject as we could obtain. By this time we both felt that we must learn the truth — because if the earth was really being contacted by extra terrestrial beings in large numbers at this time, it was the most significant development in the world today.

We soon realized that the type of people who were evidencing interest in saucers included some rather distinctive catagories. There were those who had a serious astronomical interest, those who had a definite technical or engineering interest, and those who had a decided philosophical or metaphysical interest. Then there were the science fiction enthusiasts. These latter were of little interest to us except for one amazing point, namely that "reality" itself seemed to be only a few steps behind their advanced imaginative efforts. That fact has never ceased to be a cause of wonderment to us. Last but not least there were the inevitable curiosity seekers and a sort of fringe of fanatics. These latter certainly furnished a sort of "comic relief" for the more serious research which we and others were trying to do. Some of these enthusiasts even routed us out of bed in the middle of the night to tell us excitedly that if we would look out of the window in a certain direction we would certainly see a space - ship, or even a flock of them! Maybe our eyesight was a bit weak, but we were never

DR. GEORGE HUNT WILLIAMSON

Dr. George Hunt Williamson, a distinguished young American anthropologist, became interested in flying saucers through his study of Indian legends. He and a small group of independent researchers achieved some amazing communications with space-visitors in 1952 by radio telegraphy and other means.

He also was a member of the Adamski expedition on November 20, 1952, when physical contact was made with a flying saucer and one of the occupants. It was Dr. Williamson who made the plaster casts of the footprints of this man from outer-space.

Dr. Williamson is now engaged in further communication research using light rays and optical-electronic devices. He is the author of several books telling of his saucer experience and research work.

able to discern space - ships in the night sky, and we found this type of assistance a bit annoying.

More and more the need of caution and care was impressed upon us if we were ever to prove to our own satisfaction the truth or falsity and also the nature of these sky visitors. We realized that many of the experiences being reported by saucerers were without witnesses. In these cases we hoped to meet the individuals personally so that we could at least judge for ourselves, if not for others. We also decided to use the method of coordinating the experiences and observations of various saucerers to see if we could detect or piece together a reasonable "pattern" of information or knowledge.

A new book: **Aboard A Flying Saucer** by Truman Bethurum was released, and arrangements were made to have Mr. Bethurum come to Detroit. We had read his book and were looking forward eagerly to meeting the author and hearing his lecture. We enjoyed his talk immensely, but as always we were more interested in the man behind the book, the man behind the lecture, the personality having the experience. In this respect we were quite fortunate because during their stay in Detroit Mr. & Mrs. Bethurum came to our home to visit us. We became so enthralled in his experiences that we talked until the wee small hours of the morning.

Mr. Bethurum is a large, tall, and husky out - of - doors type of man. His schooling has been limited to grammar school and a few years in high school, but he nevertheless speaks with an excellent choice of words. In his work he is an expert maintenance mechanic familiar with dredges and road building equipment and is highly respected by his fellow workers. We liked his simple, sincere and forthright nature.

We tried to put ourselves in his place as he related in private the highlights of his amazing encounters with space - people and answered our questions in the relaxed and unstrained atmosphere of our home. We found that it means much to get away from the tense, formal and sometimes hostile atmosphere of a public lecture where saucerers have to be on guard or on the defensive every moment. We feel that our best understanding of the entire subject has come about from these "relaxed" meetings with saucerers whom we were fortunate enough to meet. We cannot, of course, directly verify Mr. Bethurum's experiences because we were not present. All we can do is to convey to you our own impressions of the man and his experiences as we discussed them with him in our home.

For those who are not familiar with his experiences may we briefly recount that on a July night in 1952 he first contacted a large round flat flying saucer in a desolate area near Glendale, Nevada, U. S. A. The crew led him to the "captain" who turned out to be feminine instead of masculine.* He had the experience of actually boarding the space ship and conversing with the captain in English. He later learned that she could speak and write several of our earth languages. Between July and November of 1952 Mr. Bethurum made eleven contacts

*This space-being gave her name as "Aura Rhanes". The authors have felt that this might well be a symbolic name conveying the cosmic concept that "the aura reigns". Deep students of cosmic truth recognize that control of the aura is one of the cosmic steps in man's regaining his lost control of himself and of matter.

and boarded the same craft on as many occasions. However he was not given a ride on the saucer. He went aboard it on the ground. Many details are set forth in his written account, and to us these details are worthy of intense study by any sincere researcher. Taken alone these details might appear to be too fantastic to merit serious attention, but in terms of the coordinating work of our research they are, in our opinion, of outstanding value as a contribution to our human knowledge of this vast subject. The details are not out of line with the larger picture of space - craft, space-people and space - phenomena which gradually unfolded to our astonished eyes as our saucer pilgrimage proceeded.

We were favorably and very deeply impressed with Mr. Bethurum's unimaginative sincerity. It is no secret and certainly no unfavorable reflection on him that he felt he needed help in writing his book. The ghost writer "played up" the cosmic romance angle of his experience and used words and phrases of a nature which he himself might never have employed.

Knowing the man as we do, may we state that even after the greater perspective of our pilgrimage we still regard his experiences as some of the greatest contributions in the entire saucer saga. In our humble opinion, he had not only one of the greatest personal saucer experiences, but he had one of the hardest "rows to hoe" — because not a single friend had the courage to be a witness to the contacts. Moreover, his naturalness and simple honesty resulted in an account of his experiences uncontaminated by speculative science or philosophical propaganda. It was, in short, a priceless factual account. We often wonder whether if some of us ordinary mortals had those experiences we could have told about them as factually and sincerely as he did. We have learned that space visitors are quite "choosey" as regards the characteristics of those who are physically contacted, and in our thinking Truman Bethurum had certain qualities which made him acceptable for these contacts.

Moreover, without any preknowledge on his part of the peculiar mastery which space beings are able to exercise over energy or matter, he told us the incident covering the instantaneous disappearance of his flashlight and the experience of his seeing his space friends leave a restaurant while a companion whom he had posted outside did not see them come out. Serious students of this subject will understand the deeper implications of these two incidents. However, Mr. Bethurum said he did not know how these things happened, they just happened.

Regarding the inability of our astronomers to locate a planet called "Clarion" behind the moon from which the saucer came, we discussed this point with Mr. Bethurum in detail. From our discussion and questioning we gathered that the space - ship captain did not intend to convey the idea that the saucer came from a planet in our own solar system behind the moon, but that it came from a planet in another more distant solar system, and the phrase "behind the moon" was a general designation used for distant outer-space.

We have kept in contact with this pioneer saucerer by correspondence and know of his subsequent efforts to again contact this space - ship.

We know that a space - ship has since flown over him twice but has not landed.* In these, his latest efforts, we sincerely wish him well.

4.

DR. GEORGE HUNT WILLIAMSON

In June of 1954 our saucer horizon was happily enlarged by our becoming acquainted with Dr. George Hunt Williamson. He was being sponsored in a Detroit lecture by a close friend of ours. We looked forward to knowing him because of his radio contact with space - beings and because he was one of the eye - witnesses to the Adamski contact. In addition, he made the plaster casts of the foot - prints of the space - visitors on that memorable occasion.

We were very desirious of getting acquainted with these saucerers who were having actual saucer experiences and contacts of one form or another. We wanted to get the stories "behind" the books they had written — to get the real "feel" of their experiences so we could judge for ourselves. Also we hoped to get additional information which possibly was considered too advanced to be published at the time the books were written. May we state that we found "more than meets the eye" in most cases. Remember we are dealing with a subject which is literally "out of this world" or at least "out in front" of practically all branches of human knowledge. There are no convenient precedents to go by, and no help is forthcoming from accepted authorities. Anyone who really wants to learn about our sky - visitors will find he has embarked upon a lonely and uncharted path. Possibly this is part of the fascination of such a research — it is real pioneer work every step of the way.

Before meeting this saucerer personally we found out a few interesting facts about his background. He was born in 1926, which made him only twenty-eight years of age. His home is in Prescott, Arizona. He is married and has a small son. Despite his youth he is a Doctor of Anthropology and had distinguished himself sufficiently in this field to be listed in **Who's Who in America** and other similar publications. He studied at Cornell University, the University of Denver, and the University of Arizona. During World War II he served in the Technical Training Headquarters of the U. S. Army Air Corps. His father is the probation officer for Yavapai County, Arizona.

His greatest work in anthropology has been in his intimate studies of American Indians. An interesting sidelight on his energetic and forthright nature was his insistence on practically living with the Indian tribes which he was studying. He not only arranged to have himself adopted as the son of an Indian chief, but he studied and practiced some of the tribe's ceremonial Indian dances so successfully that he actually won several coveted prizes in intertribal competitions with his Indian brothers! All of this may seem a long way from flying saucers, but as a matter of fact it was his study of Indian legends which actually led to his interest in, and remarkable experiences with, space-ships and space-visitors.

All this we had learned from friends before the lecture. Also we

*More recently the authors have received word from Truman Bethurum stating that he is in Prescott, Arizona, that his contact with extra-terrestrial beings is continuing, and that under their guidance he is endeavoring to establish a New Age "Sanctuary of Thought", a group dedicated to world peace.

read his first book **The Saucers Speak,** which was co-authored by his friend Alfred C. Bailey. But nothing we had learned had prepared us for the three pronged surprise we experienced when we finally met him. The first surprise was his exuberent youthfulness. No wonder his intimates call h.m "Ric" instead of "Dr. George Williamson." Our second discovery was the extent of his own saucer experiences entirely independent of the Adamski affair. Finally, there was the depth and brilliance of his understanding of the cosmic implications of the saucer phenomena. Here was a saucerer to whom the physical manifestations of saucers was not nearly as important as the great vista of cosmic life and progress which lay beyond them.

His lecture amazed us in its scope and breadth of view. He told how his own study of American Indian legends brought out the fact that primitive tribes almost everywhere had essentially parallel legendary accounts of their people seeing rotating wheels or whirling wheels in the heavens, sometimes surrounded by a cloud or by fire. These would descend to the earth, and out would step a fair-haired young man or "God" from the skies. He found that almost all primitive people throughout the world seemed to have similar legends.

Later Dr. Williamson picked up and read a copy of Major Donald Keyhoe's first saucer book **The Flying Saucers Are Real.** There immediately flashed through his mind the extraordinary similarity between these modern sky phenomena and those of the Indian legends. His interest in the modern occurrences finally became so great that he and a group of friends discussed possible ways and means of trying to contact the sky-visitors. They reasoned that if these beings had the intelligence and the technique for space-flight, they certainly must have the technique for electronic and radio communications and the ability to monitor our radios and learn our languages.

With characteristic directness he and his wife and a group of friends lost no time in trying to contact these beings by any and every means at hand. They started out with simple experiments in various types of automatic writing, branched into coded radio telegraphy, tried out radio, and eventually some of the group reached direct telepathic communication. Between August 2 and November 1, a three month period in 1952 when space - ships seemed to be especially prevalent over the North American continent - - they achieved a truly remarkable series of contacts, mostly by radio telegraphy using the International Morse Code and 350 to 450 kilocycles. During this period they were able to contact space beings of a high order from many regions in space, to ask them innumerable direct questions, and to receive many informative answers.

A few of the highlights of these high level contacts may be of interest to our readers. The code from outer space came through in a very strong and powerful manner, and the transmission was so fast that at times it was quite difficult to record all of it. On the other hand the spelling of the English words was often a bit crude and on the phonetic side as if the visitors were not too well versed in our language. The space-beings referred to their space-ships as "bells" — crystal "bells". They stated that the space - ships

burned no fuel but glided on magnetic lines of force and operated in a resonating electromagnetic field like a planetary body. The space - beings discussed the atomic bomb, the critical condition of our earth and its inhabitants, and their effort to help us into a new age which had commenced for our planet. This point interested us especially, because gradually in our pilgrimage we were destined to learn that similar statements regarding our earth entering a very critical period were to be a part of practically every contact between earth men and space - beings.

One member of the group asked the visitors why they did not contact well - known scientists instead of amateurs like themselves. The reply was that they had done so, but that many in high positions would not listen. They also implied that they had contacted various earth governments, including the Russians. Mrs. Williamson was particularly interested in certain medical and curative practices, and a question of the following import was asked, "You have such tremendous developments in space ships, etc. — have you likewise advanced in medical science?"

The answer came back as an abrupt "No!" Dr. Williamson told us that they were so amazed at this reply that he vigorously protested that such an answer did not seem reasonable. How could it be that they had the technique of space ships but had not advanced in medical science? The reply in substance was: "Simple. No disease — no medical science!"

On one occasion a friend saw what appeared to be a space - ship over the antenna of their radio shack. On another occasion a beam of white light was thrown from the sky down into the radio shack and the adjacent house while radio contact was in progress. Over this beam the space visitors apparently were able to discern everything that was going on among the group both mentally and physically. They even took part in diagnosing the illness of an elderly man in the house. This incident led to a message which Dr. Williamson regards as one of the most significant among all the messages they have received. It was as follows:

"Never fear the aged. They can help again when they are brought to life."

Dr. Williamson has his own interpretation of this message, but he wisely insists that all individuals must make their own interpretations. He has also become concerned that we prepare ourselves for the fact that "man" in outer space does not necessarily always manifest in precisely the same human configuration as we do Dr Williamson also gave us this gem:

"From our research, I have learned that man is not man because he has two legs, two arms, and two eyes placed in a certain position in his head, or because he is supposed to have come up from the anthropoid ape. Man is man because he is a spiritual being. He exists throughout the universe, and as a race, man is an inhabitant of space and takes on certain physical manifestations or vehicles on certain planets to learn certain lessons and have certain pleasure - pain experiences. We can liken our earth very simply to a school. The space - people tell us we are not going to get off this planet until we 'make the grade' and learn the lessons which this earth has to teach us."

This small saucer group tried to arrange a saucer landing and a physical meeting with their space - friends, which almost succeeded. They were frustrated, however, by a series of adverse events. Later, four of the group were members of the Adamski expedition when physical contact was made with a space being near Desert Center, California. In fact, Dr. Williamson made the plaster casts of the foot - prints of the man from outer - space, as already stated. We talked to him at great length regarding this event, and he endorses the factual account given in the Leslie - Adamski writings.

We were very much impressed with his lecture. It seemed to us to present an outstanding balance between his own personal experiences, his unselfish and honest recognition of the value of the experiences of others, and his remarkable grasp of the nature of the space - people and their necessary but beneficient purpose in our skies at this time. Here was a little group of private researchers who were extraordinarily successful in achieving O.S.C. (outer-space communication) and who were learning something of the incredible powers, both physical and mental, of the beings in outer - space.

Dr. Williamson has visited at our home, and we have been with him on numerous occasions. Months later, in May of 1955, after our return from Mexico, we drove to his home in Prescott, Arizona, to visit him. There we met his charming wife and young son. In his home town we found "Ric" to be a true western — cowboy boots, plaid shirt — really the out - door type. We found him putting the finishing touches on a new book entitled. **Other Tongues-Other Flesh.** His group has abandoned radio telegraphy and radio as a means of contacting the space - visitors in favor of infra - red and ultra violet light beams. He and various associates are now diligently developing these preferred methods, and they have already experienced some unpublished successes. The Williamsons certainly represent "New Age" young people, and we wish them well in their latest efforts at contacting advanced beings in other dimensions of life.

5.

DESMOND LESLIE COMES TO DETROIT

In October of 1954 the Detroit saucer enthusiasts had the opportunity of meeting Desmond Leslie, co-author of **Flying Saucers Have Landed.** He had crossed the ocean from the British Isles a few months previously to do saucer research in the U. S. A. and, believe it or not — to meet his co-author George Adamski, for the first time!

It is amazing how these two individuals, living so far apart in miles and so fundamentally different in personality, education and background ever got together without personally meeting, and nevertheless collaborated on their book. We at least feel it speaks pretty well for those unseen forces of nature that somehow bring such things about.

Mr. Leslie has brought forth a noteworthy historical research on space - ships in antiquity. He delved clear back to Sanskrit records some 5,000 years old. As he told us in Detroit: "The farther back I went, the better became the record of space - ships!" Many of the early reports came from astronomers.

We feel it is he, probably more than anyone else, who has aroused

the present day world to the startling fact that space - ships in the atmosphere of earth are really not new phenomena. His historical research and Adamski's modern contact with a space - man were separate things that needed each other — somehow they just naturally came together in their book. As a result, the book soon became one of the most widely read saucer books in the world.

Mr. Leslie is a fine, tall cultured young Irishman, who is a second cousin to Winston Churchill, was a spit - fire pilot in World War II, and lives part of the time in an old Irish castle. He lends an air of respectability to the saucer fraternity which is certainly an asset to so new a branch of human knowledge. He told us that he was the author of several novels, and that his publisher had suggested he write a **fiction** story on flying saucers. He then started upon his historical research and soon informed his publisher that what he had found was not "fiction". We discovered he has a grand sense of humor and enjoys both give and take. His lectures sparkle with pungent wit and humor.

Our group was exceedingly interested in learning that some members of the British nobility were intensely interested in saucers and were well versed in the subject.

He also spoke of Lord Dowding, British Air Chief Marshall during the Battle of Britain, and his interest in saucers. Parenthetically, for those not familiar with some of the public statements regarding saucers made by Lord Dowding we give the following quotation:

"I am convinced that these objects do exist and that they are not manufactured by any nation on earth. I can therefore see no alternative but to accept the theory that they come from some extraterrestial source."

Desmond Leslie gave a remarkable radio interview in Detroit. After the success of the Adamski radio interview, saucerers were now more welcome on radio broadcasts, and we made an effort to tape record these events. One of our favorite tape recordings is still that of Mr. Leslie's interview, for it was filled with lively, informative and humorous interchanges between him and Russ Mulholland, who again officiated.

Later Mr. Leslie lectured in the large auditorium of the Detroit Institute of Arts. A capacity audience of over 1200 attended, and between two and three hundred disappointed people had to be turned away because of lack of room. This will give some idea of the interest that exists in flying saucers in Detroit.

Mr. Leslie drew a hearty laugh when he told of his encounters with astronomers. It seems that this saucer business was not exactly in accord with certain British traditions particularly in the field of astronomy. This fact brought Mr. Leslie into public and rather amusing controversy with no less an authority on astronomy than The Right Honorable British "Astronomer Royal" himself. As we understand it, the Astronomer Royal allowed that it was politic to "bury the flying saucers" once and for all, and thus get rid of such nonsense forever. Mr. Leslie allowed that he had a better idea — namely, to bury the Astronomer Royal! While the sparks were flying from this contact between the old and the new in Merry Old England, the British Air Ministry dubbed Mr. Leslie the "Saucerer Royal!" The term "saucerer" so amused and intrigued us that we purloined it

for our pilgrimage. We hope our British cousins will not mind.

A high point of audience interest came when this visitor to our shores touched upon the strange doings that went on at Muroc Air Base, California, in the summer of 1954. It seems that very suddenly soldiers outside the base, even those returning from leave, were directed away and told to "get lost", while those inside the base were kept inside. There was plenty of "high brass" activity at the time and persistent rumors that a remote controlled saucer had landed voluntarily and was in Hanger No. 27. Many saucer fans were already familiar more or less with these rumors. Nevertheless, it was fascinating saucer "smoke" to many, and who knows but that sometime the government "of the people, for the people, and by the people" may haul out top secret file No. H 27 and condescend to tell the "governed" a little more about the "fire" that caused the "smoke" — a little peek into what "gives" in the secret closets of our modern bureaucracy. Or was this all just some of our own efforts to reproduce a saucer? Who knows?

Another high spot in the lecture was Mr. Leslie's reference to the presence of flying saucers in the blasts of atomic bombs, as could be seen in certain photographs taken of the explosions. It is presumed that these were remote controlled saucers.

During the question and answer period one talkative lady took up so much time that Mr. Leslie courteously but firmly suggested that she confine herself to questions rather than try to make another saucer lecture! This drew such an amen sigh of approval from the audience that maybe we need more British lecturers over here!

Then a brash young man wanted to know what Sir Winston Churchhill thought about saucers. It took a bit of genteel maneuvering to get around that one, but you can always count on the Irish!

A year later we saw the Saucerer Royal again when he had returned to the U. S. A. a second time and was lecturing in Columbus, Ohio, on October 26, 1955. In this case interest in his lecture was heightened by the fact that a publicized blast from our Air Force a few days previously had positively denied the existence of flying saucers, and called attention to its own development of saucer-like jet aircraft.

This gave Mr. Leslie something of an uphill effort, but he handled it beautifully and directed much of his lecture to basic sightings. He brought out some excellent new sightings in England and one "contact" near London. In this instance it seems that a flying saucer knocked an English gardner off his bicycle. We do not wish to be facetious, but with the Air Force's denial of flying saucers we began to wonder if this is not the very type of "contact" that our military "brass" badly needs — to be hit on the head with a flying saucer! Or would they still deny the saucers?

He also brought out the point that if he had talked about television one hundred years ago he probably would have been put in a straight jacket; two hundred years ago he would have been burned at the stake for witchcraft!

We enjoyed the Saucerer Royal very much and feel that he is among those chosen to bring the New Age message to doubting humanity. Cheerio! May our paths cross again!

Chasing the

To some, in the more southern regions of the Nation, spring had indeed come; but others; still gripped in the now weakening grasp of winter, knew that only prematurely had Earth awakened from her sleep

But soon they too, would be out of doors. Soon they too would be looking UP. What they would see might be only a queer looking cloud, which in its convolutions, would take on shapes of familiar things. But if not they, surely **some** would hit pay dirt. Sooner or later a watcher would detect a glint of silver and catch a breath. He, or she, too, would have seen what the Air Force hedged at and labeled "UFO," but what more honest folks called simply "Flying Saucer."

And for some reason, when the flying saucer was seen there would be a good feeling. Maybe the saucers themselves were good, here to save mankind from some awful catastrophe, or maybe they were only watching — waiting for the right time, an auspicious date to carry out some plan of evil But whether the saucers were good or bad, the sighter would have realized that for a brief instant or a brief minute or so he had looked far beyond himself. He had seen almost to the stars and knew that life was there.

He had known that he was not alone.

If the sighters had been indoors, the saucers nevertheless had still been flying, though most newspapers didn't want to touch them with ten foot linotypes. And although the papers had greeted their honest reports with derisive laughs, if not with complete silence, the people now had other voices. Voices that, although picked off one by one, had now rolled into a maelstrom of tongues. The small "saucerzines," published on shoestrings and each often reaching only a few hundred readers, did have two great advantages. there were a lot of them and their editors were honest **They were getting saucer news before the public.**

Recently one such publication had regretably joined the silent ones. Leonard Stringfield's ORBIT, one of the largest saucer bulletins, reluctantly ceased publication. In bowing out, Stringfield tried to make it clear he had not been, in his words, "shushed up" by some mysterious visitor, but some remarks in a letter of February 7 sounded almost as if he weren't sure:

"Of course, the Silence Group is happy with Stringfield out of the way," he wrote, "but the axe they carry was not stuck in my head — instead they just sort of chopped around the edges."

If some mysterious personage or force had "shushed" Stringfield, they had done so more expertly than they had handled other persons and other publications. The writer thought he knew how it had come about, but like so many other matters saucerian, he could not put a finger on any concrete proof! If this had been a "shush - up" job, it had not been bungled as had been the Bender deal.

Flying Saucers

with GRAY BARKER

Author of: THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS

Coral Lorenzen's APRO BULLETIN (1712 Vanu Court, Alamogordo, N M.) was still raising a brave voice, though she, too, showed a slightly detectable hint of fright. In a recent issue she had published a small item, openly inviting the two darkly - dressed men, who had visited her house in a black Cadillac, to return when she was around to receive them!

But if the man on the street thought saucers had gone back to Mars, Venus, some distant galaxy or wherever they were coming from, he had some more guesses coming.

For once saucers had shown no signs of vanishing during the frigid months. They were still up there, though few people were outside to look for them. Despite the hush - hush policy of the Air Force, saucers were, for a change, receiving some attention from responsible men.

Admiral Goes Pro-Saucer

Retired Rear Admiral Delmer S. Fahrney, once head of the Navy's guided missiles program, told newsmen he had never personally seen a flying saucer, but that he had talked with scientists and engineers who swore they had. While not stating he thought the objects came from space, he did go on record that "No agency in this country or Russia is able to duplicate at this time the speeds and accelerations which radars and observers indicate these flying objects are able to achieve."

Definite signs pointed toward "intelligences" directing the things, he believed, because of the maneuvers they performed.

Admiral Fahrney gave his pro - saucer opinions shortly after he had become chairman of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (popularly abbreviated NICAP), in Washington, D. C. NICAP was organized by Townsend Brown, a physicist who at one time announced he was able to demonstrate an anti - gravity device which could power a miniature saucer.

Unfortunately, however, NICAP had got off to a bad start. An investigator for FLYING SAUCERS learned, first of all, that officers had voted themselves salaries totaling more than $85,000 per year, and that the number of votes granted members was determined by the size of their membership fees. After a sweeping re - organization, however, direction of NICAP was turned over to Major Donald E. Keyhoe, pioneer saucer investigator and the highly respected of three flying saucer books Frank Edwards, noted newscaster who had indicated he would resign from NICAP's Board of Governors, decided to stay after the reorganization, and the latest reports reaching the writer had it that NICAP was well on its way toward becoming an effective national setup for investigating the strange sky

phenomena.

Saucer Shoots Back

There had been so many saucer sightings it would be impossible to record all of them, and to publish only the more spectacular, the more authenticated would fill an entire magazine. So the writer threw up his hands and grabbed what he thought was the best from his bulging files.

One such report was quite different. It told how Maurice Waddops, an ex - railway fireman in England, had shot at a saucer from close range and how the saucer "shot back" at him.

Waddops went out early one morning to shoot a sparrow - hawk, but instead of the bird, a strange circular object swooped down through the low - swirling mist. It hovered soundlessly over his head at an estimated height of 45 yards. He thought it was "about six times the size of a penny held at arm's length (an English penny, that is, which we believe is larger than our familiar Lincoln copper — G. B.)."

Waddops ran for an adjacent clearing, loaded his gun and fired. There was a clanging sound, he said, as of metal striking metal. Then the charge of shot rebounded, hitting him in the chest.

Whoever or whatever was piloting the odd aerial machine apparently wasn't insulted or frightened, for the object continued to hover motionless above the tree tops for three or four minutes, after which it shot off at high speed.

Meanwhile authorities were trying to convince reporters that the hunter had shot at a metal pylon through mistake.

√ Also from England came a humorous saucer note, though it didn't concern the conventional type. It seems there is an amusement device at the Olympia Circus in London named "The Flying Saucer Wheel." Mixed in with conventional saucer reports was word that the machine had broken down, and at the very time an air marshall of the R.A.F. was riding in the thing. The distraught and embarrassed air marshall was stranded for two and a half hours in a little flying saucer 50 feet in the air, giving rise to charming headlines, such as "AIR MARSHALL MAROONED IN FLYING SAUCER," — probably the first case on record. Desmond Leslie, in reporting the little incident, remarked, with his usual good humor, "One hopes it was his punishment for disbelief."

√ Back in the States one good saucer story bit the dust. Inez Robb, saucer enthusiastic daily newspaper columnist, had reported that a flying saucer had zoomed down and picked up a 500 - pound steer at a ranch near Twin Falls, Idaho, E. L. Rayburn, a prominent Twin Falls attorney and owner of both the ranch and the missing livestock, said he and two employees witnessed the phenomenon. But under the writer's investigation the tale broke down. The attorney had been spinning an innocent tall tale.

√ Though not everyone had seen a saucer or saucers, everywhere people knew about them and seemed to be intrigued by them. A Sunday school publication, The Bethany Bible Student, published an ancient drawing of the sun, with various objects flying around it, labeled the illustration a "religious flying saucer picture," noting it was painted in the 16th century by a Swiss artist. While some people had the opinion that the extraterrestrial variety of UFO's was here for mankind's good,

in Covington, Ky., a disk - minded clergyman, the Rev. John Longworth, decided to help the spacemen along. He applied to the city commission to permit flying saucers to be dropped on the city, explaining they were small paper models designed to promote a youth revival meeting.

More Saucers

Elsewhere folks were taking their saucers more seriously, particularly the Air Force, who continued to be pestered by its favorite anathema

✓ Alerted by a radar network, jet planes roared out of Chicago after saucers in wholesale lots were spotted over Rockford and Belvidere, Ill.; Brodhead, Lodi, Watertown and Beloit, Wisc. Rockford, Ill., Morning Star headlines announced: "JETS CHASE UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS, FIND 5 BALLOONS," and it was supposed the Air Force had been up to is usual explanations. John C. Gregory, executive secretary of the Winnebago county civil defense, Rockford, personally spotted a glistening object about 50,000 feet in altitude, which seemed round to him, "perhaps a little flat at times." Various filter centers called reports in to Chicago where at one time five UFO's were on their boards. A Chicago filter center spokesman said the objects were weather balloons released by the General Mills Corporation, in Minneapolis.

✓ In Baltimore, Md., two men, Curvin Bush and Robert Bruant, reported seeing a flying object streak away from a large transport plane while they were standing at Charles and Center Streets. The witnesses, who are guards at the Walters Art Gallery, said at first they thought a wing or tail section had broken loose from the plane, but weren't so sure when they saw the plane reverse direction to follow the object. The UFO was "flat, oval - shaped and very bright," appeared to be spinning counterclockwise. Soon it went behind a building, and that was the last they saw of it.

✓ Four soundless saucers which replied to flashlight signals were reported by Donald Hadden, who witnessed the strange sky parade on January 11th at Brazil, Ind., just as it had become dark.

Haddan's mother first noticed the objects, but he was skeptical when she called to him and reluctant to go outside to look — it was ten degrees below zero at the time.

His mother first saw three glowing objects moving in formation, and which moved off to the East and disappeared when a plane was heard. By the time Haddan went outside they were back, then in the company of one additional object

"They were approaching from the East very slowly," Haddan told FLYING SAUCERS. They were about twice as bright as a first magnitude star, and a sort of yellow - red color. I could see no solid object back of the lights, but am sure I could have told more about them had binoculars been available."

Then the objects began to maneuver, He knew they were not planes because, for one thing, they were noiseless. First Haddan snapped the objects with his Kodak Brownie Holiday camera, but at press time it could not be learned if the objects had come out on the film. Then getting a sudden idea, he ran inside, grabbed his flashlight and signaled to the saucers in Morse code, sending the amateur radio operator's "CQ." To his amazement the objects grew brighter after he signaled. He flashed the code again, and again the objects appeared to respond.

Finally they moved toward the horizon, where they hovered for a few seconds, and that time, instead of merely glowing in response to the flashlight, they lighted up brilliantly. Then they disappeared rapidly over the horizon. Noted newscaster and saucerenthusiast Frank Edwards, on an Indianapolis television news program, reported that one other person had seen a group of four similar objects the same night.

√ An aerial object that first sounded like a plane, but when overhead gave off an "unearthly drone," was reported by a FLYING SAUCERS correspondent of Patterson, N. Y. The correspondent, who is a housewife, had gone into a darkened bedroom for an ashtray at 8:00 P.M. on January 30. There she was attracted to a hovering yellow light due Northwest, viewed through the window.

Startled, she called to her husband and children to come and look, and the family group watched it move in an erratic "yo - yo" pattern. The family ran to the rear door of the house to better observe the object, but by that time the saucer had moved directly overhead, and they saw long rows of light, like portholes, with a large bright yellowish light flickering in the rear Then the object moved out of sight.

Chase Saucer In Auto

Earlier in the winter, a flying saucer, or something weird, had visited the peaceful little town of Forest Lake, Minn., where Mr. and Mrs. Ford Moffet had given the thing a merry chose down Highway 97 in the family car.

Ford said he first spotted the saucer about 9:45 P. M. as something bright caught his eye through the living room window. He saw a brilliant light low in the sky and thought an airplane was in trouble. The family then ran outdoors to investigate, where they saw the object, moving back and forth, up and down, at about tree top height only a few blocks away.

They still thought it must be a plane, though they soon noted there was no motor noise, and decided they had never seen a plane that looked quite like the odd contraption. It appeared to have two windows, one a "luminous red" and the other a "luminous green." When asked what she meant by "luminous," Mrs. Ford explained the color was "luminous, like a halo or spray of color, with points flaring in all directions." The thing was oblong in shape. When it began drifting southeastward they followed it in their auto, but at a slow rate of speed because the object continued to hover low over the treetops and to move slowly. After about an hour of stalking, during which time the family was unable to drive directly under the object, they gave up chase and returned home.

Forbidden Frontiers

It probably had nothing to do with saucers, but in early 1957 two American medical researchers took off for India to scientifically investigate the claims of Indian mystics, and to determine whether, by controlled experiments, the adepts were indeed fakirs or just "fakers."

Although scientific men weren't expected to give benefits of any doubts to the famous Indian mystics, it did mark the first time that established medical authority expressed sincere interest in such a matter that ordinarily would be weakly explained away and forgotten. Dr. Basu K. Bagchi of the University of Michigan, and Dr. M. A. Wenger, of California, took a special ma-

chine with them, a compact 78 pound contrivance built with transisters, donated to the project by the Rockefeller Foundation.

What would the machine do? It would measure metabolic processes, such as any slowdown of the heart beat, when a fakir placed himself in the claimed state of suspended animation. If some positive evidence were turned up, it would prove there existed a third "state" of mind — other than consciousness or coma — a state which indeed could be authoritatively termed "suspended animation."

And so, little by little, science itself was pushing back frontiers its learned men had for years found forbidden. Already mental telepathy was recognized as a respectable project by Duke University, even though results were still disputed.

In Washington even the Pentagon was trying to develop perception, this time the extrasensory kind. Though some jokes would be made and it would be said that the study of perception should begin in less complicated fields, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were seriously studying the possibility of using ESP not only to read the minds of the Soviet leaders, but to "influence their thinking by long - range thought control."

It had taken men like Einstein to break through some of the barriers. The genius who had advanced the theory of relativity proved mathematically that time was not immutable as some thought it to be. Einstein stated it could become dilated. For example, if a father went aboard a space ship and traveled at speeds approaching that of light, time would slow down for him, according to the late mathematical genius. Landing again on Earth, the father would find his son had grown older than he! Fantastic? Perhaps reigning scientific authority found it difficult to accept, but they knew Einstein must be right. After all, had he not written a fateful letter to Franklin D. Roosevelt, a letter which stated that the building blocks of the universe, atoms themselves, could not only be split, but with an explosive force which could presumably wipe out the world itself? Then Nagasaki and Hiroshima!

Even the little laboratory worlds of the physicists were growing larger, as some of the almost sacred laws were reluctantly discarded. Only lately had they come across a startling and, perhaps to them, frightening thing. As surely as there was matter, there certainly existed a direct opposite. They termed it "anti matter," which they knew existed as a result of discovering an "anti porton" during atomic experiments. Entire universes made up of anti - matter, populated, perhaps, by anti - men, who ate anti - beefstakes and maybe even saw anti - flying saucers, very likely existed. But what would happen should conventional matter come into contact with its antithesis? Although there was little danger of that happening, physicists speculated that whatever would happen, it would be plenty violent, because the two forms of matter would be entirely incompatible. Some kind of tremendous reaction would surely take place and both would vanish in a great flash of energy.

To the man on the street reading the science feature stories it seemed almost laughable, but to the thinkers here was something awe - inspiring and gratifying. Scientists were opening doors into formerly forbidden territories; they were accepting what were once termed

"borderland" sciences. Maybe rugged and bold pioneers like Meade Layne, head of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, could take it easier; what they had long advanced as truths and what they had predicted were not beginning to be accepted generally. Men like Richard S. Shaver, who had stated gravity was a push, not a pull, might have one long last laugh. But it would be with a note of sadness that such men at last could settle into easy chairs. Their work would almost be completed, and all the drama and adventure might fade away But there would always be somebody to probe into even more forbidden fields, into theories so foreboding and stupefying that perhaps even Meade Layne would repress a shudder at the mere thought of them and mutter at the younger generation.

Strange Flying Machine

Frank Edwards, formerly a Mutual Broadcasting Corporation newscaster before his employer, the American Federation of Labor, fired him because, among other things, he broadcast saucer reports, was still saucering. Employed as news director of station WTTV, Indianapolis, Inc., Edwards still kept his ear to the ground and his eyes on the stars, and, as could be expected, came up with some spectacular UFO reports, among them the following:

Young Charles Malott, 17 - year - old mechanic of Petersburg, Ind., was giving a truck a road test on State Highway 61 when he heard a noise at the rear of his vehicle. It was an unusual noise, one he found difficult to describe, though he said he could compare it with "three old time thrashing machines," all running at the same time.

He stopped to investigate, found the noise was coming from behind a wooded area near the highway. Something seemed to be taking off the ground with a queer throbbing and buzzing that made him decidedly uncomfortable.

Soon a spherical thing, with no wings, ascended vertically from the woods, as if it were being pushed upward by some giant hidden propellor. When the object had risen to around 150 feet the noise ceased and the thing took off in a northeasterly direction at a great rate of speed, gaining altitude all the while.

According to Mallot, it was about 16 feet in diameter. There were no configurations what would identify it as a plane He saw no windows, nor were there any wings, tail or landing gear

Mysterious Visitors

As inscrutable as the saucers themselves were those who expounded them — or conceivably even represented them

Two mysterious men, calling themselves Vald Frederickson and Edgar Dodd, amazed members of a Ketchikan, Alaska, saucer investigation group before leaving the area abruptly. Stating they had been "sent" to give the organization certain information about saucers, they revealed some of it in a closed session to which only six members were admitted.

According to information leaking to FLYING SAUCERS, what the two men told the group amounted to, in essence.

(1) There are two types of saucers — material and non - material

(2) Motive power of the saucers involves concepts entirely beyond human comprehension.

(3) Although when the true nature of the saucers is known humanity will be shocked and disturbed, the disks are here for the ulti-

mate good of mankind.

Things-You-Might-Not-Know Dept.

✓ Putting on the pressure through his congressman, one saucer investigator received a reluctant "OK" from the Air Force to reprint the "Project Bluebook Special Report No. 14" which tried rather unsuccessfully to pooh - pooh saucers in December, 1956. Theoretically the Report had been available to the public, but only to those who were able to travel to AF information centers to look at copies which could not be loaned out. Why wasn't the book distributed more widely? It would cost $15 00 or more per copy to print up the thing in quantity, the AF claimed. That the AF could not only profitably take saucer advice from this investigator, but business advice as well, was evident when FLYING SAUCERS learned that the 83 page printed report, which included reproductions of drawings of the AF's "12 best saucer sightings," was being offered to all interested parties at only $1.00 per copy!

Write to. Box BD - 40, 64 Prospect St., White Plains, N.Y. Any profits, and it is unlikely there will be considering the size of the book, will be turned over to the AF. Rumor has it that this is the address of the "Dr. D" who used that pseudonym in writing for SAUCER NEWS, the controversial saucerzine published by James W. Moseley.

✓ Those who like to decorate envelopes with soaring UFO's may order 250 saucer stickers for $1 00 from Buck Nelson, Route 1, Mountain View, Mo. Nelson is the farmer who said he was visited more than two times by Venusians in space ships, and, on one occasion, taken for a ride in one of the machines!

✓ This department was hot on the trail of a lead on two persons mentioned in the Kenneth Arnold - Ray Palmer book, "THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS," namely Harold Dahl and Fred Crissman, both of whom disappeared shortly after odd circumstances related in that book (now out of print). One of the two had witnessed a strange doughnut shaped craft which expelled metallic slag. The strange residue later was responsible for the deaths of two Air Force investigators. A source in Tacoma, Wash., where the events described in the book took place, had run across an elderly woman who claimed she had the information as to just WHERE Dahl and Crissman had gone, and knew something about the motives for their disappearances. Just as we were getting in contact with this informant, our source of information in Tacoma air mailed a clipping, headed, "TACOMAN DIES AFTER MISHAP," and which related how the alleged informant was killed when her car unaccountably swerved across four lanes of traffic on U.S. Highway 99 near Tacoma and crashed into a power pole.

✓ If you're within reach of New York's station WOR (a powerful station, especially at night), tune in "Long John," a former disk jockey (wax disks that is) who found some interviews with saucerenthusiasts were more interesting to listeners than the music he customarily played. Now he plays little music, spends most of the show, which runs from 1:00 A.M. to 5:30 A.M., discussing flying saucers and other controversial subjects with various guests.

When the writer was on the show Long John told us that the so - called "Shaver Mystery," thought by many now to be defunct, had been taken to listeners' hearts and that

they believed there was a great deal of truth in it, considering their favorable letters.

Long John startled many listeners by relating some information about an apartment house in Chicago where an elevator was said to stop conventionally at the basement level, but which would also go down, down, down, to a much lower level, when the "down" button was pushed in a certain coded manner. Presumably there was a subterranean passageway at the bottom of the shaft, and Long John hinted it was indeed an entrance to the caves that Shaver swore existed.

J Speaking of the Shaver mystery, we have this communication from one man who continued to investigate the controversial matter even after AMAZING STORIES gave it up when it got too hot to handle:

"Must make this short — it is time to get OUT, and time's a wasting. Where to is questionable, as long as I operate. Have destroyed all files, records, sent some to various parts of the U.S., but I haven't given up. I will write the whole works up, and send copies to various people who will expose it."

He did sound pretty scared, and since that communication we have heard no further from him.

Early Saucer Report

It is not always the new which proves novel and strange; it is only because the intellect has comfortably forgotten it, has damned it, as Charles Fort would say, simply because it is uncomfortable to regard too closely something untenable to tradition.

Take that strange night of June 23, 1953, one of the earlier years of this haunted decade, when Mrs. Madeline S. Ward, of Forest Hills, L.I., was sitting alone on the front porch at a little after midnight. She was admiring the ripple of moonlight on the bay, knowing her six - year - old son was peacefully asleep inside the house.

Suddenly she saw what she first thought was an airplane, about one half mile away, directly across the bay and southwest of the home.

"This machine seemed very low, only about 100 feet up from the shoreline," Mrs. Ward told FLYING SAUCERS. "It looked just as if it had a continuous neon red light around the outside of the craft. I thought its speed was not great enough for an airplane, and it continued to lose altitude. If it were a plane, I reasoned, it must be about to crash, and it was headed directly for our house! I jumped up, quite excited, but was relieved to see it pass by our porch a short distance away. It must have been about 60 feet from the ground when it stopped, then backed up until it was directly in front of our porch, where it hovered."

By that time Mrs. Ward knew it certainly was no airplane, and she remembered saying aloud, "What is it!" She looked for propellers or jets or an insignia, but there were none. Only a low hum came from the strange machine.

"It came down to about 25 feet feet above the ground, then it tilted away from me, and I could see the bottom had a conical shape. It was only about 25 feet away from me.

"Only then did I remember the flying saucer reports I had occasionally read, and I thought this was what it must be. I tried to hide, but seemed unable to move, so I just stood there, perfectly still I remember, every muscle and bone frozen; though I do remember my

knees felt weak and I was afraid I would collapse.

"The saucer, if that is what it indeed was, then tilted my way, and I could see the lights; not a continuous neon red light, but hundreds of red lights, spaced evenly apart on a small deck - like affair around the craft. I would estimate the saucer to have been about 100 feet in diameter. In the center was a single post supporting a cabin, which was about 10 feet high and about 25 feet long. I could see four queerly shaped windows — I would say they were like tear drops, on the side next to me. At the rear of the craft, but not a part of the deck, was a tail fin similar to those I have seen on planes.

"As it tilted my way I could see through the first window of the cabin, which was lighted by a peculiar continuous blue luminosity, very brilliant, and it lighted what I thought to be an instrument panel, which had odd dials on it. The saucer then leveled itself, and the center post seemed to raise the cabin upward several feet; the cabin swiveled away from me, then directly toward me.

"I said, 'This is it, the end!' and I thought of science fiction stories and how a ray gun was sure to get me for good. However nothing happened. The cabin was lowered, the thing tilted its front end upward on a sharp angle, and the machine shot upward into the sky in a matter of seconds."

Wild Rumors

In the interest of self protection and professional standing, we might as well state now that this department, the "wild rumor" section, is not written by yours truly, G.B., but by a Mr. R. Monger, whose picture we often reproduced in the old SAUCERIAN, but which was thought too horrifying to place in a magazine of general circulation, such as this one.

Mr. Monger is a rumor monger, the individual who starts all the strange, often half true stories that circulate among saucerenthusiasts. Frankly, we don't believe all the rumors have any basis in fact, but it is our experience that now and then Mr. Monger does hear something worth repeating, even though as a matter of principle, he tends to exaggerate and improve upon the original version.

Here is his stock of almost unbelievable rumors for this issue:

WILD RUMOR: That the tail of a recently - discovered comet now approaching the earth at a tremendous rate of speed will pass through our atmosphere. Although tails of comets are supposed to be very tenuous, astronomers are in a tizzy about it. They remember the near panic accompanying the approach of Halley's comet in 1910.

WILD RUMOR: That an important key to the nature of saucers is evident when a map is plotted showing the north and south directional flight over the Pacific Slope.

WILD RUMOR: That Hitler is alive, resides in South America, and that he escaped to that country in a flying saucer of strictly terrestrial manufacture, one of the last developments of German scientists prior to surrender to the Allies.

WILD RUMOR: That a prominent Eastern saucerzine publisher, who travels extensively in South America, has set out to break up the Peruvian colonization and exploration project originated by Dr. Charles Laughead and George H. Williamson, the latter author of the popular book, OTHER TONGUES —

OTHER FLESH. These two people, along with others, have established what they term a priory in Peru, after telepathic messages, stating that great natural upheavals are expected in the U.S., were received. At presstime the project had temporary headquarters at Hacienda del Sol, Moyobamba, Peru, where members probably can still be reached.

WILD RUMOR: That the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have (for some strange reason) investigated George Adamski's alleged space ship photos.

WILD RUMOR: That Frank Scully is one and the same as Donald Menzel, author of an anti - saucer book. Take a look at both of their photos, Mr. Monger says, and you'll know what he means. Now, Mr. Monger!

WILD RUMOR: That an ex - Air Force man was prospecting near his desert filling station when a saucer landed and the fellow recognized a former AF buddy, who got out of the disk.

WILD RUMOR: That an Eastern museum is dickering with an explorer for a fullsize prehistoric monster captured alive in the South American jungles, but all very hush hush

WILD RUMOR: That there has been a constant cordon of AF personnel with guns around a wooded area in northeastern Minnesota for almost a month, while whatever is in the so - called "meteorite crater" is being dug out, very carefully. Full treatment, too, Geiger counters and a lot of big domed scientists, including, for example, Dr. B.G.A.

WILD RUMOR: That Vice President Nixon let an important piece of classified saucer information "slip out" during a recent speech to a rather unimportant gathering. Apparently the audience didn't know what they heard, but Nixon caught hell.

THE END

THE EDITORIAL

(*Continued from page 7*)

vinced that they come from other planets, and even other star systems. They are much concerned with the possibility of H. G. Wells' "War Of The Worlds" becoming an actuality.

Now, just as a supposition, let us indulge in a little fantasy, and make an assumption. This assumption is the conviction that the saucers are from another star system, actually scouting the Earth with a view toward a future invasion in force.

Each government of the world which investigated came to the same conclusion. Prior to this conclusion, two halves of the world had faced each other in possible belligerence — and suddenly they became aware of a common enemy. The enemy seemed to be a very ominous one, so ominous that to announce to the people of the world the truth concerning them might result in worldwide panic. What to do?

Secret conclaves were held, and it was decided to "scoff" the whole thing away, deride those who, among the citizenry, claimed that the flying saucers were real, and possibly a menace. Meanwhile, a pretense of "cold war" was to be upheld, to give a reason for stepping up armaments

to unheard of proportions. The cold war was waged almost to the point of hotness, and with each incident, more emphasis was placed on preparations for defense. The atom bomb was made more and more powerful, until even the citizens realized that it was unnecessary to invent even more powerful ones, for there was no victory to be gained in a war that caused utter destruction on both sides — yet the experimenting for ever more terrible bombs went on.

A vast network of radar detection stations was set up circling the entire north polar area. Ostensibly to detect either invading Russian planes or invading American planes. But actually the physicists, the mathematicians, the astronomers had explained that an invading fleet of space ships would naturally descend at the pole and fan out from there.

Because the attack ought to be met in space itself, the rocket and the guided missile suddenly became top priority. Space satellites became imperative. We had to know more about the upper atmosphere and space itself. We had to devise a way of sending out our atom bombs to explode in the midst of an oncoming fleet of spatial invaders.

We devised a "geo-physical year" to marshall the full force of scientific investigation in every possible field, so as to learn as much about our planet as was possible, and learn all its resources that might be put to use against the danger that was coming.

Of course all this is just sheer nonsense. It isn't true, and we've only indulged in a little day-dreaming, perhaps for the sake of being sensational.

And besides, what if the approaching hand from that faraway star system is being extended in friendship? It would be a serious error on our part to meet it with atom bombs and guided missiles. Besides, our scientists would know full well that any race capable of coming here from that far star would hardly be likely to be overcome by our puny efforts. Not much to worry about. If they had intended our destruction, certainly they could have marshalled their invading fleet before now from Ezekiel's time!

Kenneth Arnold thinks possibly that the flying saucers might be "living creatures" of our upper air. What a fascinating idea! It may well be true. And if so, even more reason for us to know more about them, and about our upper air.

So you see, FLYING SAUCERS has a lot to present, a lot to say, a lot to think about, and in action it will be **your** magazine. You will be able to participate in any way in which the subject of flying saucers may occur to you. Maybe you've seen one. Maybe you've even touched one, like the Irishman who tried to cart one off to the police station but it eluded him. Maybe you have a theory that makes sense, or a suggestion that could lead to some solution of the mystery. The editors of this magazine welcome you. Until the real thing lands before us, we'll all take a vicarious ride on the famous "unidentified flying object". It should be extremely interesting!

—Rap.

FLYING SAUCERS IN THE MOVIES

By

Mira de Tastelero

Forrest J. Ackerman "tests metal" of s.f. film robot, Gort.

(Photo by Bill Mosleigh)

S.O.S! **Films On Saucers!** Can you, the filmgoing video - watching readers, help out? Titles wanted! If you remember any movies or telefilms about the discs that we don't have record of, become a valued contributor to this column.

The first Ufo-film we know of was made 7 years ago and was called simply by the natural basic title, **THE FLYING SAUCER.** Mikel Conrad played in it in 1950. The glimpse of the saucer itself was disappointingly brief as it zipped into motion and out of camera range. Mainly the picture was a cloak-&-dagger melodrama laid in Alaska. Rating, I am afraid, only fair.

A short alphabetical list of all known Saucer Films follows. Watch it grow in months to come. Contribute to it! For instance, who can tell me the name (and details) of the flying saucer film made south of the border? Si, in Mexico!

Patricia Neal and Michael Rennie play top principal roles in "The Day The Earth Stood Still," amazing flying saucer thriller. The film documents the story of space visitors who come to Earth on a goodwill mission. Sam Jaffe, Hugh Marlowe and Drew Pearson are also in the cast.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL
DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS
EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS
THE FLYING SAUCERS
FLYING SAUCERS
FORBIDDEN PLANET
INVASION FROM MARS
THE MYSTERY OF THE UFO'S
THIS ISLAND EARTH

"The Day the Earth Stood Still", an excellent film already a classic, had the best flying saucer sequence to date, bar none. On Sunday night, the 2nd of September in 1951, in New Orleans, the members of the 9th World Science Fiction Convention were treated by the producers of the picture, 20th Century-Fox, to the world premiere. They were thrilled as it immediately opened with a realistic shot of a saucer coming in for a landing over Washington. The noted columnist himself, Drew Pearson, appeared at the beginning of the picture, reporting the arrival of the disc ship from unknown space. The great saucer, constructed of some alien silver metallic substance, was esthetically appealing; and, on the inside, as we saw later, futuristically functional. The plot was developed from Harry Bates' famous **Astounding** story, "Farewell to the Master", and was unusually faithful to the original, except that it lacked the final fillip of the fictional form where it was revealed that Gort the robot was actually the master rather than the interplanetary visitor, Klaatu. Michael

A scene from the Columbia Picture "Earth vs. The Flying Saucers" starring Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor, with Donald Curtis. Here a saucer is executed by an air-liner.

Rennie made a striking impression as the pilot of the spacial saucer here on Earth on a goodwill mission. The picture is periodically revived: if you have not yet seen it, on no account miss it; and if you already have, you probably will need no urging to go again. Julian Blaustein, the picture's producer, received an Award of Excellence for it several years later, as did its director. On this occasion, at the ABC Radio Network Theatre in Hollywood, film columnist Forrest J. Ackerman (see his **Scientifilm Searchlight** in **OTHER WORLDS**) was Master of Ceremonies Great Gort stood at the back of the stage, inert, but almost started to life as Ackerman, calling Robert Wise up out of the audience to receive his plaque "for his outstanding historical contribution to the development of the Science Fiction Film," quipped: "Award to the Wise is sufficient!" Interviewed afterward, Gort declared: "Had I been so equipped, I would have aimed a flying saucer at Ackerman!"

EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS was suggested by Major Donald E. Keyhoe's hard cover book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space" (Henry Holt & Co., also released as a Permabook pocketbook). Veteran scientifilm writer Curt Siodmak ("F.P.I.", "TransAtlantic Tunnel", "Donovan's Brain", etc) originated the screen story which called for technical effects by one of the best technicians in town, and they got him· Ray Harryhausen, an Academy Award winning animator and himself a sci-fi fan since KING KONG was born a quarter of a century ago. As the story opens, the U. S. Govt. launching base of rockets destined for "Project Skyhook", the artificial satellite, is destroyed by a saucer attack. Hugh Marlowe, scientist engaged in the top secret military space program, contacts the weird featureless metal-men, who

Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor meet the flying saucer.

present him with their peace terms: unconditional surrender of the Earth within 56 days. The alternative: total destruction of the world's greatest cities by the disintegrator rays of the robotoids. International feuds are forgotten in the face of this global menace, and mankind unites to pit its defensive forces against the unhuman invaders In a suspenseful battle of major proportions waged at our nation's capital, the Saucerians are finally defeated. Recommended.

Read the next issue of **FLYING SAUCERS** two months hence for more exciting news, information reviews and thrilling previews of Saucer Films from the disc-shaped desk and flying fingers of Mira de Tastelero.

Flash! Forrest Ackerman tells me his Science Fiction Agency has just sold the American International Film Distributing Co. the rights to make a movie for Paul W. Fairman's Amazing story, "The Cosmic Frame". Watch for it on the screen as ATTACK OF THE SAUCER MEN!

THE END

I SAW A FLYING SAUCER

This section of FLYING SAUCERS is devoted to factual reports by our readers. Here you will find the personal accounts of those who have actually seen flying saucers, and here, if you are one of those lucky ones, is the place for you to tell your own story! If you have had any sort of "saucer" experience, please send it in to us and we will print it.

"Ten times the size of any existing aircraft" was the description given by Mr. H. Vaillancourt, of Bishop's Cleeve, of a u.f.o. seen over the Cheltenham area one evening in June, 1956. He saw it hovering above Cleeve Hill.

"It was like looking at the **Queen Mary** at a distance of two to three miles at the most."

"The object," he added, "was blazing with light which came from inside and showed through extremely large square windows."

"After hovering for about 10 minutes it moved off in the direction of Charlton Kings. It stopped and then restarted, this time going in the direction of Gloucester.

"For the whole of this time there was not a sound."

Other eye - witness accounts came from Mr. Sidney Hale, of The Green, Apperley, who said he was leaving British Messier Ltd.'s factory on the Cheltenham Gloucester road at 11:30 p.m. when he saw in the Gloucester direction an object "out of this world."

At about 11:15 p.m. Mr. H. Hands, of 4 Mead Road, Leckhampton, was looking out his bedroom window when he spotted an object which looked like a star, but was "eight or nine times bigger."

It seemed to be midway between Stroud and Gloucester, and was stationary.

"Then I saw it moving toward the horizon," Mr. Hands said. "It gradually got lower and eventually went out."

Three nights previously another mystery object was reported by Mr. Karlick, of Hester's Way Road, Cheltenham.

He described seeing a terrific beam of light. The object made no noise, and disappeared in the Gloucester direction.

"I am not given to sensationalism," said Mr. Karlick. "As far as flying saucers are concerned, I am as big a skeptic as most people, but this was something very unusual."

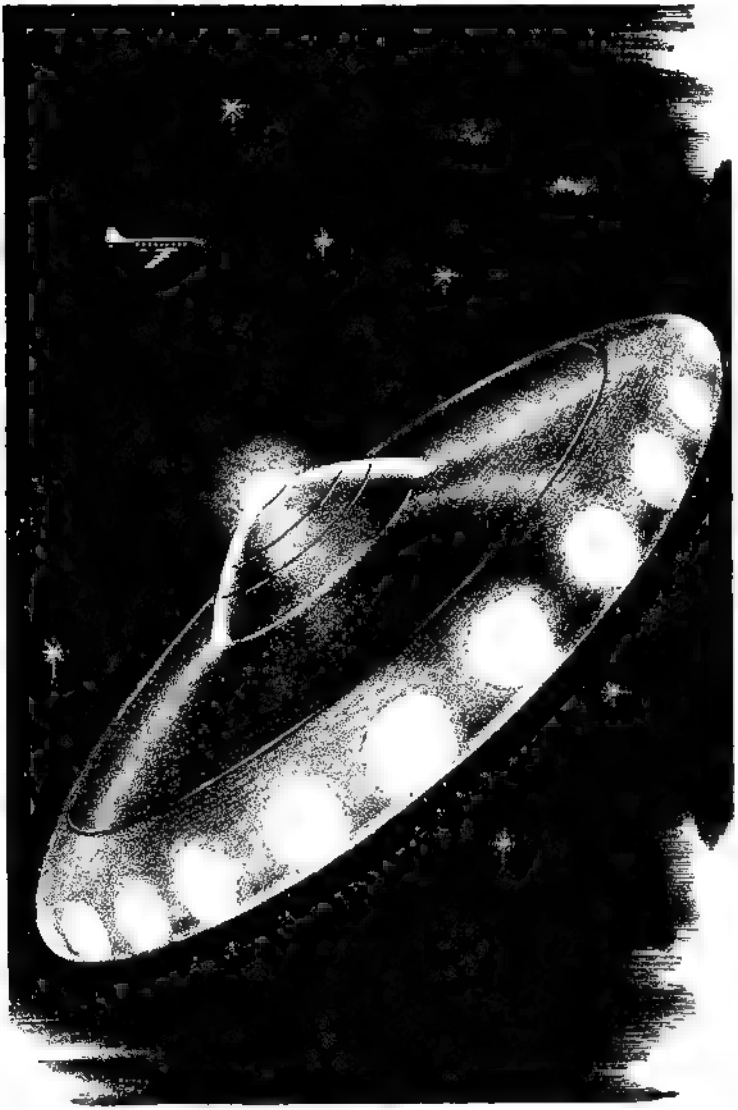
* * *

Many Tokyo residents agreed that a flying saucer had flown very low over the city's rooftops early on the morning of May 10, 1956.

However, they could not agree on specific details. Newspaper reports said the saucer's size ranged from that of a football to an aeroplane's tail light.

Mr. Sadao Hachiya, of Chiba City, near Tokyo, said it looked exactly like the flying saucers he saw in a film called "The Cosmic Men Came."

* * *



At least seven people in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, spotted a flying saucer on the evening of May 5, 1956.

Mr. Walter Rosenthal saw it at 5:15 p.m. from Phillips Avenue. He said it was very low in the sky, north east of the city, and was perfectly round, bright silver, and moving.

A Sunday Mail reporter saw it from outside his offices soon after 6 o'clock. He described it as being like a very bright star, but it moved steadily in and out among the motionless clouds until it was to the south - west of the city.

The Meteorological Office said it could not have been a weather balloon.

* * *

Three Redhill people saw a u.f.o. over this town on Sunday afternoon, July 8, 1956.

Mr. Leonard Wornham, of Janita, Woodhatch Road, Redhill, was in his garden at about 3:30 p.m., when his nephew, Mr. Eric Bennett, spotted an object in the sky almost due east.

At first Mr. Wornham thought it was a large star, but when he focused a pair of binoculars a white disc was seen with a small dome on top.

It was stationary for a while, but later seemed to come nearer. Then suddenly it became half white and half brilliant red, and shot straight up and disappeared.

The third person to witness the saucer was Mr. Wornham's sister, Mrs. D. Bennett.

This saucer was under observation for over 10 minutes.

* * *

Several "tear - shaped" objects that cast weird lights in the sky were reported over many Kansas towns early on July 19, 1956.

Two of the strange objects, with lighted dangling tentacles, were **viewed for five hours** over Arkansas City by Brian Coyne, city editor of the **Arkansas City Traveler**, Mrs. Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bradberry and by three policemen.

The mysterious objects cast a metallic blue or bluish green light and moved slowly, often changing positions.

Witnesses in Wichita, Hutchinson, Eldorado and Wellington, Kas., also reported seeing a huge light dancing in the sky.

McConnell Air Force Base at Wichita sent a B-29 bomber, and Smoky Hill Air Force Base dispatched two planes to investigate.

A u.f.o. was also picked up on the radar screen at Hutchinson.

* * *

"I have never seen anything like it," said Mr. John Kelley, of Fairview, Pool - in - Wharfdale, Yorkshire, commenting on a flying saucer that he and his mother saw while they were motoring in Upper Wharfdale.

Mr. Kelley said he stopped the car by the roadside between Barden and Burnsall.

"We were sitting looking toward Simon's Seat when an object appeared over the hill," he said.

"At first it looked rather like a kite or a big balloon. As we watched it came nearer. It was grey and round, rather like looking at a grey moon.

"It was possibly about a couple of miles away and was about twice the size that an aeroplane would have been at the same distance and height.

"Then it turned on its side, and it was just like two saucers, one on top of the other. It hovered about a bit before it went back over Simon's Seat."

* * *

An uncomfortable feeling of being sized up by a flying saucer was the experience of Leading Aircraftman B. L Lovelock, of Hobsonville, in New Zealand, while observing it.

On Sunday night, June 10, he saw a u.f.o. when he was walking along the road near Waikumete.

He described it as like an up-

turned saucer with a bell - shaped dome on top. It was bluey - white and the light from the object seemed to flicker.

Leading Aircraftman Lovelock watched it for some time. Finally, the disc shot straight up and disappeared.

* * *

Wolverhampton, England, was visited by a large u.f.o. for 45 minutes on Thursday night, June 14, 1956.

Enquiries poured into local newspaper offices from eyewitnesses in the area.

It was first seen at 10:45 p.m. com-

ing from the north, a bright yellow disc shining like a star. Then it faded "like an electric light bulb going out slowly."

Several minutes later it reappeared to the south. Then gradually the object edged toward the southern horizon and by 11:30 it was lost to sight.

The authorities worked overtime to "explain" this sighting.

U.S.A.F. Headquarters next day said that flight refuelling exercises were taking place 24 hours a day. It was very possible that American aircraft were doing so over the West Midlands at the times stated on the previous night.

The Meteorological station at Elmden Airport Birmingham, said it may have been a large weather balloon. An official said that a balloon six feet across is released from Liverpool at 9 p.m. every night, and that the pervailing wind direction would have brought it over Wolverhampton at the time the object was seen.

But this theory was killed by Fazakerley meteorological station, who release the balloons. Their balloon that night burst at 9:41 p m., ten miles from Liverpool.

Neither explanations tally with observers' descriptions. The met. men say a balloon would not be lit up and it would have been too late to catch the sun's rays. Slow-travelling jets being refuelled by a transport plane would hardly have given the impression of a bright star.

* * *

A cigar - shaped, golden - yellow colored object flew at a terrific speed over Patna, Bihar, India, at about 10:15 p.m. on the night of May 13, 1956.

From the ground its size at a height of about 3,000 feet appeared to be about four feet.

Flying from south - west to north - east the object, which had a thin wire like blazing trail of about one and a half feet, disappeared from view over the Ganges, which flanks the northern side of Patna.

It did not crash like a meteor, but just vanished from sight after about 90 seconds.

* * *

A man who was gardening in the Stonefield area, near Oxford, on Tuesday, July 10, 1956 saw a large object about the size of an American B 52, a plane familiar in that district.

However, this object consisted of two spheres, seemingly joined by a bar - like structure. The saucer was travelling very fast and very high.

The next day, a housewife in the Kidlington district, also near Oxford, saw in a clear blue sky a silver object, spherical, with a flange round its middle. It was stationary, and was about the size of a football. She watched it for more than a minute.

* * *

Senhor Jose Escobar Faria has sent an interesting account of a cigar - shaped object over Sao Paulo on December 7, 1954.

He writes: "Firstly was seen a huge u.f.o. in cigar form; its front part was round and prominent, the centre a little thin. By two gaps the u.f.o did let loose dense smoke, and described a wide circle when it gave deliverance to three discs with a metallic flare. Seen against the sun they had a red color."

Two of the flying saucers flew off at fantastic speed to the south and to the north respectively.

The third remained in the open sky doing complicated aerial evolutions for about an hour. Finally, the cigar - shaped mother ship shot up-

wards and disappeared in a few seconds.

Since then, Senhor Faria reports, flying saucers have been photographed by several people on March 15, 1956, near Salta, Argentina. Full details are not yet available, but a cigar-shaped saucer was again present.

Another source reports that National Police Headquarters in Buenos Aires have announced that an aluminium, cigar - shaped object flew over Northern Argentina on April 13.

* * *

Night photographs of a possible large u.f.o. taken by a Salisbury, Rhodesia, photographer are being sent to the British Flying Saucer Bureau at Bristol, England, for analysis.

Mr. John Melrose, of Merrick Park, Salisbury, took two photographs of the full moon.

When developed the negatives were scarred with bright white lines as though a swiftly-moving object of extreme brilliance had swept across the face of the moon.

Mr. Melrose saw no sign of any brilliant object when he took the photographs. He was using a good quality camera and the films were exposed for only three seconds.

The chairman of the Salisbury Flying Saucer Club said: "The fact that Mr. Melrose did not see the object has no bearing at all Ultra - violet and infra - red rays not visible to the human eye could have made lines on the films. The photographs are unique. In all the books on the subject no reference has ever been made to such an occurrence."

* * *

A bright red glow, surrounded by a flaming halo, hovered over Sydney, Australia, on July 15, 1956. The phenomena started shortly after 11 a.m. over the Frenche's Forest area, lasting over half an hour.

Eye - witnesses described it as a brilliant red pin - point of light like a tiny electric light bulb with a red aura all round it.

At 11·35 it disappeared in a cloud haze. Five minutes later it appeared again, and then went out to sea.

* * *

A woman and her four - year - old daughter saw a number of small silver objects in the sky over Nelson, New Zealand, on the morning of July 30, 1956.

They saw two objects at first, directly beneath the sun. They appeared to be about one - third the size of the sun from where they were watching. Their shape was slightly oval. They got gradually smaller and suddenly vanished.

A few moments later three similar disc - shaped objects were seen over the cemetery. They were also hovering and in a straight line with the one on the left slightly higher, and the line sloping down to the right.

These objects also vanished in puffs after getting smaller. "They had clear outlines and at no time appeared like clouds," said the observer.

The staff of the Meteorological Station at Tahunanui stated that the objects could not have been weather balloons.

* * *

Flying saucers are back again in Italy. At any rate one has been seen in Bari. A former Italian Air Force officer said he saw a round object glowing with a reddish light. Five relatives of the pilot also saw the saucer.

* * *

Another Italian report comes from Professor Mario Romoli, of Via dei

Serragli 133, Florence, who sighted a luminous warm bright yellow orange saucer near Santa Margherita a Montici. It was 6 p.m. when the object came from the north - east, passing overhead, and disappeared behind the hills of Santa Margherita a Montici, almost over the old church. There was no sound.

* * *

Sardinia has seen saucers, too. Signor Nicolo Ghisu, a teacher, saw a luminous object of large proportions streak across the sky at 8:10 p.m. one evening this summer. "I never saw anything like it before," Signor Ghisu declared. "I shouted to my eldest son, so that he and several other persons in the village saw the object. The spherical part was as big as the moon, and it trailed a "tail" which ended in a blue point. After an ample trajectory, the object came as low as 2,000 metres, and then disappeared in a cloud of sparks; otherwise it would have fallen in the fields between Orotelli and Bolotana."

* * *

Thousands of Nepalese villagers saw a flying saucer on August 6 over Southern Nepal, according to a B.U.P. message. Reports said that the object was the size of the sun. The saucer was visible for 90 seconds, changing color from red, white and blue, before disappearing behind clouds.

* * *

The Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Ginever watched a large object in the sky over Crowhurst, Sussex, for 20 minutes on July 25. Mr. Ginever described it as of sharp appearance, like a small moon, and very white against the blue sky.

The object was seen with both the naked eye and with a pair of binoculars. It seemed to give off orange flames. The globe also seemed — when looked at through the binoculars — to rise and fall from time to time.

The object was the size of a half-crown piece in comparison with a sixpence held at arm's length. It was extremely high.

* * *

Schoolboys saw 20 saucers over Ada, Oklahoma, on May 17. It was 10·22 a.m. during the morning break. The boys were out on the playground at the Washington School. Two boys, Kent Meyer and his friend, Clayton Campbell, spotted the objects. Meyer said he saw 20 discs flying fairly low in tight formation. "They were silver grey." The boys said the objects made no sound, nor was any exhaust trail visible.

* * *

Mrs. Bench and her two daughters saw a saucer travelling from east to west, at 10:50 p.m. on August 7, in the Rugby area. They watched the object for 45 minutes If first moved in one direction, then stopped and hovered, and then moved on again. The object was oval to circular in shape. There was no sound. It changed color from orange to white.

* * *

In early July Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Grimes, of Bromley, Kentucky, saw a huge glowing object about a quarter the size of the moon shining through their bedroom window about 3 a.m. Both were awakened at the same instant by the intense yellow glow and Mr. Grimes estimated that it was about 30 degrees above the horizon. To him it appeared round and self luminous. Reassuring himself that he was not being deceived by Mars or a bright star, Grimes watched again, same time, the following night, but saw

(Concluded on page 56)

IS THERE A
VEIL OF SECRECY
AROUND THE FLYING SAUCERS?

By

Richard Hall

On February 15, 1954 Dorothy Kilgallen stated: "Flying saucers are regarded as of such vital importance that they will be the subject of a special hush-hush meeting of world military heads next summer."

Throughout the past nine or ten years various myths about "flying saucers" have accumulated in the public's mind. This article is an attempt to dispel some of these half - truths and to raise some important questions. Beginning in 1947 the government and the newswire services ridiculed "saucers," then pursued them actively, and ended by deliberately clouding the issue. The only conclusion I can reach is that "flying saucer" reports are now being censored by the order of some high government official. Nothing else can explain the annoying fact that, although people continue to see these objects, the press remains strangely silent and the Air Force goes on trying to convince us that it is all our imagination.

A conclusion of this sort must not be reached on the spur of the moment. After five or six years of following "flying saucer" reports with interest, I recently intensified my investigation. I ran an ad in the paper, wrote dozens of letters, extracted bits of information from books, probed through bound volumes of magazines, collected clippings and pictures, discussed "saucers" (with anyone who would listen), and spent many a sleepless night pondering the overall situation. In order to make the hodge podge of accumulated data workable, I set up a chronological file of all reported sightings The sources of the reports were personal letters, interviews, newspapers, books, and magazines. I attempted to elliminate all incomplete accounts and to put the emphasis on well - documented cases. Several hundred good reports, showing definite patterns, resulted from this work. This file proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that so - called "flying saucers" **DO** exist!

Since it would take one or more books to present my case properly, I will confine my arguments to an attack on the popular misconceptions about "saucers." In approximate chronological order "saucers" have been called: illusions, balloons, temperature inversions, and secret U. S. or Russian weapons. Now we are told by the Air Force that nothing of the sort even exists.

Starting with the "illusion theory," I must say that people all over the world are experiencing remarkably similar illusions. The Air Force has since admitted that these "illusions" have been tracked on radar (TRUE — December, 1952). It does not look as if the Air Force has ever taken the "illusion theory" very seriously because they have continuously investigated "saucers" since 1947. Too many good, clear sightings by reliable people are on record to bother with a serious rebuttal of this theory. I do not think anyone who has checked the facts holds this position any longer. Obviously it was a premature judgment.

In 1951 the "skyhook" balloon explanation came on the scene. In effect, this conceded the point that solid objects were involved. "Skyhooks" are described as being 100 feet in diameter and are said to approach altitudes of 100,000 feet. Propelled by high altitude winds, "skyhooks" sometimes attain a speed of nearly 200 miles per hour. These plastic balloons, used for cosmic ray research, are capable of traveling long distances. Undoubtedly some people have mistakenly interpreted "skyhooks" as something unusual, for they are said to reflect sunlight at high altitudes. However, I wonder how so many wind borne balloons have managed to travel all the way to Australia where "saucer" performances have touched off a widespread investigation as of 1955. Moreover, "saucers" have been tracked on radar at speeds of thousands of miles per hour. The winds necessary to propel anything at these speeds would be fantastic and would tear our airplanes to shreds. I wonder what such winds would do to plastic balloons? "Saucers" have repeatedly buzzed airplanes, hovered, spouted flames, and accelerated at an unbelievable rate to tremendous speeds. Trained theodolite crews themselves, while tracking balloons, have also reported "saucers." Even the Air Force, whose investigative project keeps track of all balloon launchings, rejects the "skyhook theory."

In July, 1952, when "saucers" had the audacity to buzz Washington twice, the Air Force promoted the now familiar "temperature inversion theory" (and then dissolved it when it had served its purpose). Under certain conditions it is possible for layers of cool air to exist directly beneath layers of warm air. If the inversion is strong enough, these layers can refract light from fixed or moving sources, sometimes causing mirage effects; however, the objects over Washington were tracked on several radar sets, and seen by ground observers and pilots. Major Donald Keyhoe, in his book "Flying Saucers from Outer Space," completely refuted the "inversion theory." Although he proved that inversion conditions did not exist on either night, the inversion explanation somehow stuck. Keyhoe reports that the radar control personnel at Washington National Airport were not at all pleased at being called fools by the Air Force. Every man was thoroughly familiar with radar images of inversion effects and knew that the objects in question were **not** inversion effects. Adding weight to Keyhoe's rebuttal is the following statement (**New Yorker** — September 6, 1952) by Harry G. Barnes, senior radar controller at Washington National Airport on the nights of the Washington affair: "There is no other conclusion I can reach but that for six

hours on the morning of July 20th (1952) there were at least ten unidentifiable objects (!) moving above Washington. They were not ordinary aircraft nor in my opinion could any natural phenomena account for these spots on our radar Neither shooting stars, electrical disturbances, nor clouds could either." Keep in mind that the Air Force now denies the existence of any unidentified solid objects flying above the United States.

When all other explanations fail, people tend to fall back on the theory that the "saucers" are secret devices belonging to the U. S. or Russia. The government (including ex-President Truman) has repeatedly denied that "saucers" belong to the United States. Russia, on the other hand, has called "saucers" western warmongering propaganda. Recent aeronautic developments along the lines of saucer shaped craft probably are poor copies of "flying saucers." The recent Air Force announcement of a saucer airplane states two things: 1. The services have vertical takeoff jet planes (a far cry from "saucers") 2. A saucer - shaped plane will be operational in the near future having **conventional performance.** Both, the Air Force says, are along natural lines of aircraft evolution; neither are revolutionary developments. I should point out here that good, clear reports of "saucers" in the modern era pre- date the first piloted supersonic jet flight in October, 1947.

Further arguments against the "secret device theory" are: 1. Such a revolutionary aeronautical development as "saucers" would have outmoded jets and rockets long ago. That such a discovery could remain secret for ten years is also highly improbable. 2. Similar objects have been recorded in writing as long ago as several centuries B. C. 3. The U.S. certainly would not test devices in commercial air lanes; yet many of the best reports come from airline pilots. 4. If Russia had them, we would not be witnessing the present conciliatory attitude. 5. The objects are being seen all over the world violating all countries' air lanes and security zones, with marked disregard for artificial boundaries. 6. The U. S., Canada, England, Australia, Germany and many other countries have been investigating the objects for several years and have been sending jets in an effort to intercept them. There are many other arguments against the "secret device theory."

One other major argument against the existence of "flying saucers" is the current lack of published news reports on the subject, combined with the Air Force news release stating that they do not exist. "No evidence of the existence of the popularly - termed 'flying saucers' was found," says the Air Force In the words of a New England minister who has seen a few "saucers" and is currently investigating, "When the Air Force tells you 'there are no such things,' they are either fantastically and dangerously ignorant, or they are lying." Reports from small - town papers and letters from around the country show that "saucer" sightings continue. I must conclude that censorship is preventing national coordination of these scattered reports by withholding the connecting links and by distorting the facts of key cases. The utter silence of the U. S. press on the wide - spread foreign "saucer" reports is also indicative of deliberate tampering with the facts.

As illustrative evidence for the existence of "saucers," I will present a few typical cases from my file.

CASE I. Source: The New England minister mentioned above February 20, 1952, was a beautiful day with blue sky, no clouds, and no wind. While seated on a train in the local station, the Reverend was startled by a sharp flash of light about 35° above the horizon He was astonished to see three perfectly circular, silver - colored objects approaching in V- formation. They left no trail and were apparently silent, as no one on the station platform seemed aware of their presence. They stopped nearly overhead, but still within his field of vision, and hovered for about ten seconds. After a few slight shifts of position, the objects departed at right angles to their line of approach. They left with such speed that they dwindled to specks and were out of sight in not more than six seconds.

This man's letters plainly show that he was deeply impressed by the sighting. He now investigates "saucers" actively. Is anyone prepared to tell him that no objects such as "the popularly termed 'flying saucers' " exist?

CASE II. This is one of the classic sightings of cigar - shaped objects. The following information is taken from six sources, including three well - known national magazines, and I am repeating it here to emphasize the discrepancy between the facts and the popular misconceptions:

At 2:45 A. M. on July 23, 1948, while in flight near Montgomery, Alabama, Eastern Air Line pilots Captain C. S. Chiles and First Officer J. B. Whitted found themselves face to face with a very real "saucer." Head on toward their DC-3 hurtled a brilliant, gigantic, torpedo - shaped craft with **two rows of windows.** The craft swooped down, veered to the right, and then **shot straight up** into clouds. It appeared to be about 100 feet long with an intensely lit fore - cabin. A vivid purple band ran along its length and it spouted a 50 foot tail of orange flame. When the object shot up, the exhaust flame doubled and rocked the airliner. Corroborating the report made by these pilots was another account of a long, dark, wingless tube, rushing overhead at Macon, Georgia, at 2.00 A. M., spurting flame from the stern.

"Project Saucer" announced nearly a year and a half later that Chiles and Whitted had seen a bolide (explosive) meteor. I am sure that Chiles and Whitted were comforted by this revelation. It would seem that a re - examination of the other classic cases is in order.

CASE III. There have been several important sightings over Washington, but none publicized as widely as the 1952 "inversions." On May, 13, 1954, shortly before noon, a team of electronics men were testing a new type radar set. Suddenly a huge object appeared on their scope. Other radar sets confirmed the sighting and the diameter of the object was determined to be 250 feet. The object was hovering 15 miles above Washington and moving slowly around. Later that day, police at National Airport watched several large, glowing objects maneuver overhead.

The objects, apparently circular, glowed and pulsated. The police sighting was reported in the early morning edition of the "Washington Post and Times Herald" and was strangely missing from all other editions. Why?

CASE IV. For a more recent picture, here is a 1955 report. On August 21, 1955, Mrs. Randolph (pseudonym), who lives near New Orleans, Louisiana, saw an object shortly after midnight. I later contacted her and obtained a complete description of the object and the circumstances of the sighting. Chancing to look out her window, Mrs. Randolph had been startled to see a glowing-white object about 1½ blocks distant. Hovering very low, this object appeared "as clear as a full moon." It was discoidal, looking like two soup plates put together, except for a rounded top and bottom. It glowed brightly and evenly, with the edges sharply and clearly defined. While rotating slowly around its axis, it moved slowly south, then suddenly tilted up and shot away with a jet - like speed. Mrs. Randolph was obviously frightened by her experience, and was extremely hesitant to discuss it.

Would anyone be willing to place these cases in the categories mentioned previously? Were they illusions, temperature inversions, secret weapons? In the light of past Air Force contradictions and probable censorship, I would hesitate to doubt these people, and hundreds like them, without at least a further investigation.

Certain facts stand out quite clearly once "saucer" reports have been investigated objectively. These are.

1. Some sort of round and torpedo-shaped flying objects have been seen for centuries, but in large numbers during the past 10 years.

2 When the Air Force denies that these objects exist and news of them is hushed, something is drastically wrong.

3. The people of the world are being denied the true story of what has been found out about "saucers." (I can't believe the Air Force is ignorant).

4. It is high time that intelligent people banded together, encouraged reports of sightings, and investigated the whole situation thoroughly.

Why not make "saucer" investigation a respectable thing? Because of the popular acceptance of the Air Force statements, individuals today are literally afraid to tell others of their sightings for fear of censure by society. Those people who profess an interest in "saucers" are termed "fanatics" or "enthusiasts" and are subjected to much scoffing and ridicule. Because of this, much valuable information is being lost. In such an atmosphere, how can a fair and open investigation be made?

As a challenge to the conventional news outlets, I would ask: Why is there no news coverage of the many private citizen investigations of "saucers" around the world? Crackpots or sober citizens, these people are newsworthy — unless "saucer" news is forbidden. More likely, the "powers that - be" do not want a fair and open investigation; we must accept their dogmatic statements.

What **ARE** they? The world has every right to know the answer to this question. To those people who still deny that "saucers" exist, I extend my pity and offer the following words from Montaigne's essay entitled "That it is Folly to measure Truth and Error by our own Capacity":

> "How many things of little likelihood there are, testified by trustworthy people, which if we cannot persuade ourselves

to believe, we ought at least to leave in suspense! For to condemn them as impossible is by a rash presumption to pretend to know the utmost bounds of possibility."

In conclusion "flying saucers" **DO** exist, are seen virtually every day, and have not been explained. The Air Force chases them with its right hand and denies their existence with its left hand. The newswire services maintain a sphinx - like silence. WHY?

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"Letter from Paris", **New Yorker** (October 23, 1954), p. 159

I SAW A FLYING SAUCER

(*Concluded from page* 50)

nothing.

A reversible u.f.o. was seen at Conway Mass., at about the same time as the Bromley sighting. An observer, Jack Pease, thought at first the object was a shooting star or plane, but its behavior proved differently. The **Greenfield Recorder - Gazette** stated: "It appeared to be composed of one bright light and, although travelling at what appeared to be a high rate of speed, was able to reverse its course completely. **A low - pitched hum,** rather than a whirr, was detected. The object crossed and recrossed the sky several times before speeding away."

"Angels' Hair" all over Melbourne.

* * *

Millions of web - like gossamer threads have drifted through Melbourne's seaside suburbs. They have hung from lines and wires, stuck to cars and to clothes, and have draped themselves around trees. The odd thing is that they vanish in a few hours.

The Commonwealth and Industrial Organization had six scientists study the threads. The gossamer has been tested with ethyl acetate, acetone, lactophenol blue dye. They magnified the threads a hundred times, burnt them, melted them, and changed them into orange.

They decided the threads were not wool, that they did not come from feathers and that the stuff was not cotton. Neither was it wool - fibre, and they thought that it did not look like a synthetic fibre.

THE END

IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

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FLYING SAUCERS

WORLD'S 1ST DOCUMENTARY

"Flying Saucers" believes "Unidentified Flying Objects" to be of such importance that it brings you two distinct reviews of the film by Max B. Miller, head of Flying Saucers International of Los Angeles, California, and Ted Bloecher, Director of Research at the Civilian Saucer Investigation of New York; both Prominent and serious-minded investigators.

LISTED in **Daily Variety** as the "biggest 'scoop' in the history of the film business ." and regarded as "Hollywood's best-kept secret," "Unidentified Flying Objects" is the world's first feature-length documentary motion picture on the flying saucer phenomena.

Not one hint of the epochal film appeared in the gossip columns, not one line in the trade papers, not one word leaked in any of the u.f.o. journals of the world; not, that is, until it was previewed to the Press on April 23, 1956.

I had the fortunate opportunity to see the motion picture twice. First, at Projection Room "A" at the Goldwyn studios, and then just one week later at the film's first public matinee showing at the Fox Wilshire Theater.

"UFO" — as it is unofficially designated — is a Greene - Rouse production, nationally released in the United States in May - June through United Artists Corporation. It was produced by Clarence Greene, directed by Winston Jones (his first time at it), written by Francis Martin and photographed by Howard A. Anderson, Ed Fitzgerald and Bert Spielvogel.

My reactions were decidedly mixed after viewing this film for the first time. Briefly, "U.F.O." is a 91-minute almost completely black - and white documentary on the u.f.o., from 1947 to 1952, featuring two "actual" movies of u.f.o.s in flight, these being reproduced in full color.

What probably amounts to the three top ex-Air Force authorities on the u.f.o. were all acquired as technical directors for the three - years in the making "U.F.O." — namely, Albert M. Chop, former chief, press section, Air Materiel Command; Major Dewey Fournet, Jr., U.S.A.F. intelligence officer and liaison between the Pentagon and Project Blue Book, and Edward J. Ruppelt (author, **The Report On Unidentified Flying Objects**), former director, Project Blue Book (Air Technical Intelligence Center, Dayton, Ohio). And a rather impressive lot they were!

The film opens where most saucer books do: the Kenneth Arnold sighting of June 24, 1947, and ends with the dramatic details of the so-called "Washington Crisis" of July, 1952.

The Arnold, Mantell, Gorman and a number of the other better - known incidents are thoroughly re-enacted. Outside of the Washington, D.C., affair, the Mantell story, leading up to the time of his crash, is the most spell - binding. Obvious

MOVIE ON FLYING SAUCERS

Reviewed By

Max B. Miller and Ted Bloecher

A scene from the movie "Unidentified Flying Objects", showing the degree of "realism" used

theatries were employed here and there.

Now to the **piece de resistance.** The two aforementioned clips of actual u.f.o.s in flight are the now very famous Delbert C. Newhouse (Tremonton, Utah) and Nicholas Mariana (Montana) color films. Probably most of us recall these shots as they were related in the last two of Major Donald E. Keyhoe's and Edward J. Ruppelt's **Report On The Unidentified Flying Objects.** Yet they proved to be somewhat disappointing. Obviously, they are not the answer. But they are another cog which make the u.f.o.s go round. Both groups (two u.f.o.s in the Mariana sequence and over a dozen on the Newhouse film) were photographed on 16-mm. film, at 16 frames - per - second, and through 75 - mm. (3X) telephoto lenses.

"Flying Saucers" utilizes Unidentified flying objects to be of such importance that it brings you two dis-

tinct reviews of the film by Max B. Miller, head of Flying Saucers International of Los Angeles, California, and Ted Bloecher, Director of Research at the Civilian Saucer Investigation of New York; both prominent and serious - minded investigators.

"Unidentified Flying Objects" most certainly does not follow official lines and policy; nor does it portray an unbiased (from the skeptics' viewpoint) history of the u.f.o. It is — for a pleasant change — decidedly **pro-saucer.** The customary preface to such films —i.e., "We gratefully acknowledge the co-operation of the United States Air Force . . ." — was conspicuously absent.

Reaction to date has been essentially good. In fact, "U.F.O." received surprisingly lengthy and thorough reviews and news dispatches via the various news media, including the major wire services.

On the whole, Press reaction was about as varied as it was interesting. For example.

United Press: "The movie scoop of the year. . ."; Los Angeles **Examiner:** ". first - rate journalistic beat. . . careful documentary. extremely engrossing. ."; Los Angeles **Times:** ". . the incidents depicted and the words quoted just don't make for very interesting drama, even documentary drama"; Louella Parsons: ("U.F.O.") ". is attracting front - page and editorial attention although what the saucers are is still a mystery. ."

In a review titled "Film Proves Saucers Exist!" Beverley Hills **Press** reviewer Hazel Flynn pointedly asks: "And as long as we are on the subject WHY HAVE WE HAD VISITORS FROM SPACE SINCE MR. EISENHOWER TOOK THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR? Could it be that the residents of other planets like the men now engaged in smashing the Stalin - worshipping cult in Russia are more friendly to Ike and the Republicans than their predecessors?"

And **Mirror-News** columnist Paul Coates added a touch of intrigue when he quoted the conclusion of the Press showing telegram announcement he received: ". Urgently request contents of this wire be kept confidential until showing and conference at Academy Award Theater."

"Feeling like a refugee from a cloak and - dagger plot," added Coates, "I presented my credentials at the theater. The man at the door handed me a large envelope and ushered me to a seat."

He concluded: "I doubt that very many people who see the film will fail to be convinced that we have been receiving periodic visitations from outer space."

"Unidentified Flying Objects" was premiered to the public on May 9 at the Fox Wilshire Theatre, Los Angeles. When I saw this film the second time at that showing the objective was not to see the picture again, but rather to check attendance and audience reaction. This was probably for the best, too. For while I was thoroughly enthusiastic after viewing "U.F.O." the first time, I found the second time round quite a let - down. However, the Utah and Montana clips were well worth examining again.

The approximate attendance at the first matinee showing was 400 — and at $1.00 per head! An enthusiastic doorman told me, in effect, that that was a "fantastic" number for such an early hour (1:45 p.m..). The Fox Wilshire Theater, it was

Tense drama in Radar Control Center in Washington, D. C., as flying saucers disport over capital.

later reported, set an opening day attendance record for the house, grossing about $2,500 on May 9. I later learned that the first week's attendance figure was about or a little above "average."

But even "average" for the Fox Wilshire is fantastic for such an offbeat film. The "Fox" is one of the top first - run, exclusive engagement theatres in the country. "U.F.O." followed the world premier of the multi - million - dollar, "Alexander The Great," and preceded the equally expensive and touted "Trapeze." Not bad in any language for the underdog u.f.o.

Audience reaction at the Press preview was good, sprinkled here and there with applause. Not so enthused were the crowd at "Fox," probably because they — and understandably — expected something better. "U.F.O." was greatly played-up in Press notices and advertising, and likewise on local television.

Quarter - page Los Angeles newspaper ads, for example, screamed—

" 'It appears to be a metallic object of tremendous size I'm trying to close in on it!' (Mantell, obviously — **Au.**) — AND THEN HE CRASHED! **THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS!** . . . YOU WILL SEE THEM WITH YOUR OWN EYES: **Actual color films of the Unidentified Flying Objects that have been kept 'top secret' until now!**. . . EVERY SHOCKING WORD, EVERY FANTASTIC SCENE, EVERY FRIGHTENING MOMENT IS **TRUE!** ."

To sum up I can do nothing but at least recommend "Unidentified

Flying Objects" to all so-called "saucer - fans" — but if for no other reason than to see the famed, and hitherto purportedly "secret," U. F. O. films. The movie isn't, on the whole, particularly interesting. The pace is slow, the action stiff. It is largely what is so disparagingly referred to as "re hash." But it might be a good idea to remind ourselves again of the composite history of the u.f.o. and to be led back to the objective path. To those who are dogmatically skeptical of the u.f.o., this film will prove of little value. But for the open minded and undecideds, it should be a tremendous wedging block for greater interest . . . and truthful searching.

Max B. Miller

★

ON May 9, together with about thirty members of Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York, I attended a special preview of a film that could very well change the public relations aspect of the u.f.o. overnight. Messrs. Greene and Rouse have handled their controversial subject matter in an altogether factual and down to earth manner. They have been careful to use only material that can be fully substantiated by official documents from the Air Force files.

A somewhat slim storyline, interwoven through the film, re -enacts the activities of Al Chop during his tenure of office with the Air Force as Civilian Information Specialist. During this time, Chop's skepticism gradually changed to interest, and eventually to his final conviction that "the saucers are interplanetary."

The producers have wisely refrained from trying to duplicate the visaul appearance of u.f.o.s in any of the cases they refer to; the reactions of some of the witnesses are reconstructed in several cases. By avoiding facsimiles of the objects in question, they have made two heretofore secret Newhouse and Mariana films showing actual u.f.o.s in flight considerably more forceful and conspicuous.

Beside these two cases, the film mentions the Kenneth Arnold report of June 24, 1947, and describes the furore that followed. The scene in the Godman Field tower during the Mantell chase is reconstructed with great care; numerous details, not known before, are related, including the names of two of Mantell's wing men, Hammond and Hendricks. The latter, along with a third pilot, landed and took off again, joining Mantell in the chase: "What the hell are we looking for?" (Hammond stayed behind to refuel.) A first - hand account is given by Captain Willis Sperry, of his observation of a cigar - shaped object that circled his American Airlines plane in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., on the night of May 29, 1950. A brief scene depicts the reactions of pilots Vinther and Bachmeier in the cockpit of their Mid - Continent airliner, just after takeoff from Sioux City, Iowa, when they saw a large lighted object head directly toward them and pass some 200 feet to the right, reverse its direction and pass under the nose of the plane. There is also a re-enactment of Lt. George Gorman attempting to close his F51 on a light that refused to be closed in on. This took place over Fargo, N.D., on the night of October 1, 1948.

But the most fascinating sequence is the reconstruction of the radar observations of "bogeys" over Washington, D.C., on the nights of July

"Blips" showing plane surrounded by mystery objects, visited on radar-scope.

19-20 and 26-27, 1952. Under the supervision of Wendell Swanson, the civilian radar expert who was responsible for the technical analysis of these radar trackings, the jet intercept mission over Washington on July 26-27 is realistically and dramatically reproduced within the Washington Control Center; the radar scope clearly shows the "blip" of Lt. William Patterson's jet, along with a small cluster of the "bogeys," which Patterson also spotted visually as bright lights.

The Montana and Utah films are shown several times during the course of the film, and at the end they are run again; action is stopped for closer examination at specific points, the frames are enlarged, the films are run again in slow motion, reversed, stopped again and then run through steadily several more times. Upon first viewing, the few seconds of film flip by so quickly that they appear to leave much to be desired. Upon closer inspection, there is ample chance to absorb the real significance of this evidence. In the Mariana sequence, two white ovoid objects are shown moving laterally, from right to left, across a background of blue sky, flying equidistant from each other at a moderately rapid rate of speed. Toward the end of the 6-9 second sequence the objects pass behind the supporting framework of a water tower, then gradually diminish in size as they fade into the distance. These objects were headed into the wind.

The Utah film shows 16 bluish - white objects milling about in disorderly groups of fives and sixes a-

gainst a blue background of sky. They appear round and oval - shaped, are fuzzy and not generally as bright as the objects in the Montana film, but occasionally a few of them brighten up considerably, as though they were self - luminous. The photographer then swings toward a single object that has moved away from the rest, holding the camera still to allow the object to pass through its field several times. This terminates the sequence, as the main group moved too far away to photograph again. This sequence lasts a few seconds longer than the Montana film.

After extensive analysis by the Photo Reconnaissance Laboratory at Wright - Patterson Air Force Base, and the U S Navy Photo Interpretation Center at Washington, D.C., the possibilities that these objects were meteors, balloons, birds, or any known aircraft, have been eliminated. The Narrator tells his audience:

"The motion picture you have just seen is authentic. It is substantiated by documentation, eye - witness accounts, supported by affidavits and official Government reports. The evidence has been presented to you with integrity and objectivity to establish the fact that unidentified flying objects . do exist. Some kind of flying objects have been photographed in the sky. If they cannot be identified as objects known to man — what are they? If they are not man - made — who made them? If they are not of this planet — where are they from?"

The direction of the film is kept low - keyed throughout. There is a static quality in the depiction of the Chop, Fournet and Ruppelt roles: one reason for not using professional actors in these parts is, presumably, because non-professionals add to the quality of the documentary.

There was a bit of padding throughout the film: depicting the routine of filling out forms, and other mechanical involvements with the processes of red tape, lend little of importance to the film. However, some of what was felt at first to be extraneous material is very probably essential to an audience less familiar with the subject; for instance, the repetition of newspaper headlines proclaiming "SAUCERS" in bold type may remind audiences of much they had forgotten, and perhaps make them wonder why such headlines are no longer being seen. And the occasional shots of family life within the Chop household give a welcome relief to the uniforms, so prevalent throughout.

A good deal of emphasis is placed on a number of magazine articles about u.f.o.s that had a major effect on public opinion. Among those mentioned are the **Life** article of April 7, 1952, entitled "Have We Visitors From Space?" and the **Look** article "Hunt For The Flying Saucer," in the July 1, 1952, issue of that magazine. There is a puzzling omission of any mention of Donald Keyhoe; this is curious, since Keyhoe's article in **True** magazine for January, 1950, and those appearing in following editions, were as important in moulding public opinion as either the **Life** or **Look** references.

There is little point in making these picayune criticisms: we have here the sort of serious, intelligent, and informative presentation — something we've waited for for a long time — which should have a profound effect upon a misinformed and apathetic public. It certainly deserves everyone's attention.

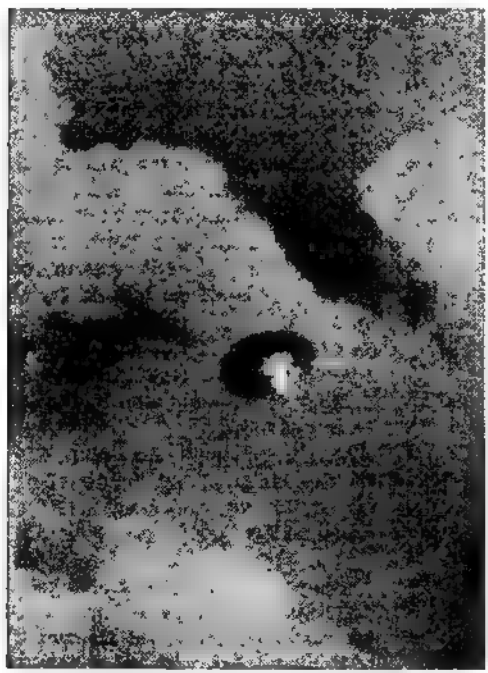
Ted Bloecher

ELIZABETH KLARER'S FLYING SAUCER

A FLYING SAUCER landed in South Africa on April 7, 1956, according to reports that have just reached **Flying Saucer Review.** (Published in England). The occupants contacted Mrs. Elizabeth Klarer, whose personal account of the contact and her subsequent flight in the saucer is given in her own words. Her story is strongly backed up and vouched for by Mrs. Edgar Sievers, of Pretoria, the well-known South African saucer investigator, whose book, **Flying Saucers uber Sudafrika,** is shortly to appear in an English edition.

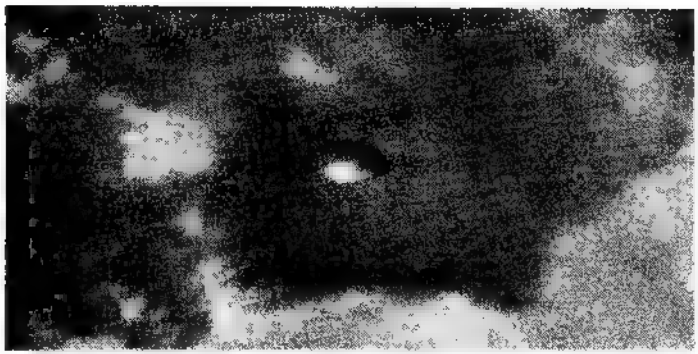
The setting for this epochal event was the Mooi River area in Natal, at the foot of the Drakensberg Range. When Mrs. Klarer was a child of seven she saw a spaceship — a great orange-red wheel as large as a football, move slowly across the sky over the rolling foothills of the Drakensberg. That changed her whole life and she always hoped that one day a craft would return.

It was in a familiar spot near the old estate, where the family lived, that a preliminary attempt to contact Mrs. Klarer was made on December 27, 1954. At about 10 a.m. Elizabeth Klarer had her first surprise on a lonely hilltop when a



South Africa has been the scene of quite a number of rather sensational flying disk sightings, and in this case, a series of seven photographs were secured. Two of them are presented here, enlarged some five times.

On July 17, 1955, Mrs. Elizabeth Klarer, of Natal, Africa, took this picture of a flying saucer over the Drakensberg Foothills.



One of the two best photos out of a series of seven snapped by Mrs. Klarer

saucer came gliding down.

"When I saw the flash in the southern sky, but nothing more," she said, "there was plenty of fair-weather cumulus about - then what I thought was a white bird caught my eye. Looking at it very hard, I realized it was no bird. The sun glinted on the craft at it glided down to hover a few feet above the northern slope.

"The craft was so close to me I could see clearly the face of the pilot through the porthole. Yet, through uncertainty and fright, I instinctively stepped back or recoiled from the strangeness of it all, but my gaze remained fixed in a fascinated stare upon the face of the pilot, the most handsome man I have ever seen. He was blonde; his eyes gave me the impression at that distance of being light grey. He smiled at me to reassure, but I backed away.

"Then the craft slowly rose and moved away in a southerly direction, until it disappeared in the distance. I stood rooted to the spot. I was left with my remorse and my reproaches for being so stupid.

"For 15 long months I reproached myself, but always hoping that possibly I would have another chance. I continually went out in all weather and dreadful storms. But I have a family of two dependent on me, so their demands took first place, and I gradually became more patient."

Mr. Edgar Sievers, commenting on Mrs. Klarer at that period, emphasized most strongly that she is a normal healthy woman, who does not suffer from any "psychicisms." He describes her as a "gifted pianist and music teacher with studies accomplished in Italy and England and with a wide range of intellectual interests ranging from history to astronomy, an enthusiastic traveler, a lover of nature in general and of horses in particular, attractive Elizabeth Klarer has both her feet on the ground, no less than any other woman would who has to look after her family."

Mr. Sievers said that Mrs. Klarer did nothing but think of this saucer, hoping and longing that it would return.

"For all those who have noticed already that they are able to establish with their dogs or their horses an inner contact all of its own the following point will be a familiar and sensible one; and it is this point which most definitely en-

ters the picture from here on," he affirmed.

'There are modes of awareness between living beings which are transensorial, i.e. which take place beyond the usual boundaries of sensual and sensorial control. Where a rider and a horse are at one in this way, the horse acts prompted by the mere intentions of its human friend. Mrs. Klarer, too, is gifted to a point where she establishes immediate contact with horses. Where that particular awareness is spanned from man to man to such a degree that it becomes a somewhat conscious link, we have usually been talking of telepathy and thought transference.

"Not only from George Adamski do we know that this mode of awareness comes into play, too, where relations to spacemen are concerned. There are many people in this world already who do have sensations of an indefinable kind whenever a saucer is near Stephen Darbishire, in Coniston, England, acted on such promptings, another youth in our country, Ernst van Zyl, aged 17 then, did so and, following the hunch, had found a saucer, and likewise is Elizabeth Klarer affected when there is something 'in the air'. At least on two occasions she took friends along with her when prompted by those sensations, and saucers were actually seen.

"In an unbroken period of almost four years, in which Adamski has been talking to all who were ready to listen with discerning ear and an attentive mind, a period in which he has not hidden himself, as an imposter would have done, nor faded from public memory, as could have been expected of a hoaxer duly found out, his words have not only been ringing true, they necessarily were and are the truth. Because only truth could have withstood such a barrage of suspicion, scorn, mockery, disbelief, ridicule and slander from every corner of the world converging on Mount Palomar in print, sound waves and by mind force.

"While Elizabeth Klarer has mustered the courage to come forward and henceforth to stand this very same test of acid publicity, there are many who know her personally and who will vouchsafe for her sincerity, as well as her truthfulness, and her integrity. Like Adamski, she will likewise stand and fall with the veracity of her claims and the absolute truth in her spoken word."

"This personal angle is so all-important," said Mr. Sievers, "because this encounter with a man from space is without direct evidence. Nor is it very likely that, had she direct proof and evidence, any of those who either cannot or else do not want to believe would let themselves be convinced.

"The restraint of the spacemen in their appearances is proof enough that they do not intend to interfere with our inner development forcibly, rather is all this being wisely measured to such a pace as will give everybody the chance to get accustomed to the thought and the fact that human beings are living on nearby planets.

"Mrs. Klarer had taken her daughter Marilyn, who is a medical student, and son David, aged seven, to Durban, for a few days by the sea, when on Friday, April 6, 1956, she experienced a compelling feeling to return to the farm and to her familiar hilltop, and so back they all went to the homestead.

"Early next morning, Saturday, April 7, that particular feeling having persisted, Elizabeth Klarer slip-

ped out and after a brisk walk reached the hilltop, about 2½ miles away."

Now Mrs. Klarer takes up the story again:

"On reaching the top of the southern slope, I saw the scoutship resting on the ground near the eastern slope of the dip. The rising sun had not topped the slope, so the craft was in the shadow. My immediate reaction was not to hesitate as I had done the first time, but to run as fast as I could — I felt as if I had wings to my feet — down that very rough slope, straight to the tall blond man standing near the craft. It was the most natural thing for me to do, because I felt that I had known him all my life.

"I stretched out both my hands to him, and he took them saying, 'You were not afraid this time.' He helped me step into the craft — the automatic door closed — and he gently sat me down on a soft circular bench, where I was able to regain my breath. What helped me more than anything was the wonderful invigorating freshness of the air in the cabin.

"An awful doubt assailed me when I saw the other pilot sitting at the controls. He was dark and stocky. So, without thinking, I asked the tall spaceman, 'Oh, you are not a Russian, are you?' He smiled and answered, 'I am not from any place on this planet that you call Earth. I am from Venus.'

"The interior of the craft was simple and beautiful to my mind. None of the mass of instruments and wires over dashboard and walls as in modern aircraft, but simple rows of push buttons on some kind of a desk. None of the stuffy smell of fuel — it was all clean, efficient and simple. A gentle humming sound, soothing and pleasant, emanated from the floor of the craft, which gave me a sense of power and security.

"The porthole covers were open. Three sets of four. I looked out of one. I could see for miles, but it was far too hazy, and I was unable to see immediately below, because the hull of the craft was in the way. I did not think at first to look through the floor lens, until the Venusian gently drew my attention to it!

"The wonderful sight of rolling green country was breathtaking— I could now see clearly for miles— even the line of blue sea in the distance.

"The tall spaceman and his companion were wearing dark-brownish suits, the trousers narrowing down to the ankles, the shirt sleeves narrowing to the wrists and a high neckline. They were close-fitting garments, but light and comfortable, made of a material not unlike a coarse shiny nylon.

"I was given refreshing water to drink, and a delicious red apple and other fruit similar to bananas. They are vegetarians. No wonder that they live and enjoy health so much longer than we do, with their diet and breathing such wonderful air. Yes, the tall, soft-spoken Venusian told me that the air I had been enjoying so much in the craft was Venusian air! He told me that there is a higher oxygen content in the Venusian atmosphere—that is, in the lowest strata of the atmosphere. That lower strata of the Venusian atmosphere is out of reach of the instruments used by scientists on Earth. The upper atmospheric envelope is poisonous and hot. He told me there is a great deal of water on Venus, and many rugged, high and beautiful mountains.

"The houses on Venus are built in a circular pattern — some are made of a special material that permits the light to come through, but does not expose the occupants to the view of anyone on the outside. I said that I would love to go to Venus and to the Moon. Our Moon is not a dead world. Space people are based there. How kind, civilized and cultured they are!

"They are wise and understanding. They are watching us closely now that man is moving into space, and we have stated that the Moon is our first target. This will concern them vitally. Man will take war into space.

"The tall Venusian, who spoke perfect English, told me how for a limited period he had lived and studied on Earth, travelling to various cities to see for himself how mankind lived and behaved. He was sad to see the mode of existence, precarious, and always with the threat of war. Aggressive dominating nations would continue to rise to power, nations that are still uncivilized. The power of brute force still was rampant in the world. That was the tragedy, he told me, therefore how can the space people land amongst us?

"There was plenty of room to walk around in the cabin, but my whole attention was held by the personality of the spaceman. We talked about music, real and beautiful music. Not about the primitive jungle noise that is so popular throughout this world. The space people are highly sensitive to sounds —music is a realm in which they all excel. Music is a part of their life. To most earth people it is an education that takes many years to accomplish — if not a lifetime — and there are those on earth who can never understand music.

"I felt no movement in the craft at all, beyond the gentle humming. I was told they used natural forces to propel the saucer. How wonderful to harness these forces that the universe is made of. That is why eventually man must have a complete understanding of nature and the universe — until he does, he is tied to limited mentality and capacities.

"The Venusian, who was sitting next to me as we conversed, said, 'I must now return you to the hill where I found you. Our time is up. Also David needs you. He is ill.' With sadness at leaving mingled with anxiety to return to see my son, we descended to land with a gentle touchdown on the hill.

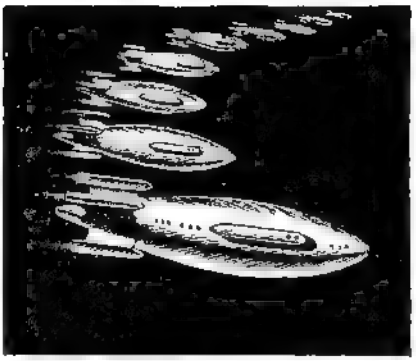
"Both spacemen were very kind, gentle and considerate. The younger, shorter one had an olive skin and the older, taller Venusian had a fair golden-hued one. The metal of the craft was smooth polished to touch, like a mirror. The automatic door opened and the tall Venusian led me through. Sadly, I waved goodbye, as I backed away from the craft and then stood to watch them take off. Without a sound she rose slowly to hover for a moment—the rays from the setting sun flashing in rainbow colors on her sides, then gathering speed glided away into the southern sky."

Mrs. Klarer hurried home and found all as had been told her. David had a severe sore throat, which she was able to attend to.

Mr. Sievers concludes the narrative:

"There is no need to try and assess the feelings which had accompanied these experiences, or those that must have filled her heart for days and

(*Concluded on page 75*)



By
Len Guttridge

The BIGGEST NEWS

All the way from Cwm to Penavon the mind of Little Morgan hunted for news. Hopefully, he surveyed his fellow passengers. His eyes and ears attended their every movement, every word. But he could make nothing of them.

From the tear-stained infant who hadn't stopped sniffling since she boarded the bus, to the moustached woman up front with the ugly face and beautiful flowers, not a soul offered anything for his Beth. He must have something to tell. Each visiting day at Penavon Isolation he always gave her a heartful of happy tittle-tattle.

At first it was simple. Things happened in Cwm Valley every day. Regular things, mostly. Like Dai Splott beating his old woman and her bringing him before the magistrate. Like potatoes going up another penny on the pound. Or someone's wife having a baby (sometimes, like Jenny Hill last winter, it was nobody's wife). And the miners coming out on strike for the umpteenth time.

Nightly the news would sprout and flourish in the Red Lion where the men with coal dust in their throats gathered to kill thirst. Good ale loosened the tongue and brought forth chatter. Little Morgan would hover at every bending elbow, like a bee at a blossom, drawing sweet gossip for his next visit to Beth.

Something funny said or done was to be seized at once. Beth had a lovely old laugh which the starched hostility of the hospital had almost suffocated. Often he tried to revive it with a bit of fun. His fun, sometimes, a witticism of his very own which would bring a merry quiver to her pale lips. Then he would give a foolish, cocky wag of his head.

Like when a couple of colliers swore they saw a flying saucer over Cerrig Glo and he, Morgan, remarked in the Red Lion next night that they must have been in their cups. It brought the house down and he was immediately convulsed by his own sally. Well, he reminded Beth when he told her, didn't she know the day she married him that he could have been a proper comic on the stage?

Morgan always visited Beth at the hospital with news on his lips. But nothing really important was happening in the world, until the "big" news happened! That it happened to Little Morgan will tear at your heart!

in the WORLD!

Perhaps he shouldn't have said that. For suddenly the shine of tears came in her eyes though blessed if he knew why.

So it was no problem at first, for wouldn't she be home soon to collect her own gossip? But six months passed, then a year and Little Morgan knew with a heavy heart that Beth wasn't coming home. Not for a long time.

Her world was nose-in-the-air nurses and the smell of chloroform and fresh-laundered bedsheets and the tantalizing brightness of the window behind her bed. Except for Morgan's weekly visit. And for him, the six days without Beth were an empty longing. The seventh was a challenge.

For the supply of news began to run out. They put shower-baths at the pithead, another pound in the paypacket and the miners stopped their striking. A barrenness descended on all the women of Cwm and even fat Meg Howell, usually reliable, had reached the limit of her fertility. Death, the last magistrate, fined Dai Splott an eternity and his old woman's bruises healed. Even the cost of living as indicated by Pryce the Grocer showed no startling fluctuation.

Morgan grew desperate. Nothing for it but to reach beyond the valley, beyond Wales and out across oceans. So he scanned the newspapers. But he soon shut the pages on their dark contents. Nothing there for Beth.

At last he found himself creating the news in his own imagination. What if Someone was slowly turning off the faucet of local or laughable happenings? Morgan, once a week at the Isolation, would produce his own. Mostly they were extensions of the no-longer extant.

Six more times he brought the miners out and sent them back again. He restored Meg Howell's fecundity to a degree which would not bear careful examination. He even brought old Dai from the other side to beat his wife again.

But more and fresh material was needed. Little Morgan noted, with mounting anxiety, that Beth's responses, her smiles and gestures, were beginning to weaken. What

if one day he had nothing to tell her? Night after night in his wifeless, lifeless cottage, the fear shared his pillow like a silent demon.

And today he was newsless. The demon had pounced.

The bus rolled to a stop and Morgan shuffled to its exit. On the last step he threw a beseeching glance at the passengers. They remained silent and seated, indifferent as statues, and as cold.

The bus driver, then. He was a card, usually, with a quick wit, albeit often obscene so that Morgan had to clean it up for his Beth. Come on now, prayed Morgan, staring at him, willing him to speak, come on m'n, give us a good 'un, something I can tell her, anything ——

The bus driver spoke. "'Ad a good look, chum?"

He drove off. Morgan stood at the bus stop, waiting for the flush to leave his cheeks. Then he shrugged, consigning all bus drivers to Old Nick's furnace, and set off along the lower slopes of Cerrig Glo to the valley where the Isolation stood.

It was late summer. A heat mist rolled like sweat down the mountainside and the sun was a molten penny. But he walked rapidly. No time to lose. Visiting hours were short enough, indeed.

The path wound past bushes of flaming gorse and blackberry. From one of tnem Meg Howell emerged so suddenly he thumped into her.

"Off to a fire, Morgan?" she squawked as he saved her basket from a nasty fall.

"Today's when I see my gel," he said shyly.

She straightened her hat, the one with the white pansies. "Then in a hurry you should be. When she coming home?"

Morgan swallowed, shifting from one leg to another.

"Any day, now. 'Course, the hospital won't tell you much."

He waited. Something from Meg, perhaps, a morsel of scandal? But she said nothing. He peered at her closely. No use, she wasn't expecting. He sighed and made to pass

"Wait," she said. She thrust the basket at him. "Berries, look. Just picked 'em. Perhaps your Beth —"

He took them and thanked her. Then she was off down the path, kicking her skirts out, the pansies bobbing.

He came to the remotest lap of his journey where the great falling curve of Cerrig Glo hid the hospital far ahead and the bus road behind him was mothered by a forest. This was the stretch he always dreaded for it was the most deserted stretch, a lonely half-a-thousand yards to break the heart.

He'd walked here when sleet gales beat at Cerrig's naked flanks and he'd walked here, as today, in the warm breath of summer. And always it was a region enchanted by sadness. So he quickened his step to hurry out of it and over the crest up ahead.

It wouldn't let him escape that easily. Instead it reminded him that he had nought of cheer or even of interest for Beth. Panic, like a small animal, mauled his insides and left him weak.

He leaned against a tree and groaned. A fist he pressed to his mouth and his voice, bleak and broken, stumbled up Cerrig Glo.

"Oh, Beth, my darling gel, if you was only home in our house again.... lonely I am, you see, lonely..."

The sky was a blue silence and a cloud crossed the sun like a man covering his eyes. A flock of spar-

rows erupted from blind trees and old Cerrig Glo looked the other way.

Little Morgan recovered. If Beth knew he was acting like this she'd give him the cokes of hell. He took off his cap and wiped his eyes with it. He saw a red-hot lump of coal tear across the sky and he got up.

"Silly old eyes I have," he told himself.

A humming sounded then, grew into a sustained high-pitched song. It hung on the afternoon like a hundred metal throats voicing an endless note. It was all about him. He staggered in a backward circle, looking at the sky with his mouth open. He felt no alarm. Instead, the doors of his mind stretched wide as if to welcome any notion, of however vast proportion.

Again the sky was raped by a great flaming cinder. Its wake sliced heaven like a fiery scythe and faded.

The sound stopped. Two rabbits shot across Morgan's path, gray bolts of terror. The birds ceased their singing. The things in the sky had vanished behind a clump of trees halfway up Gerrig's broad back. Morgan stuffed his cap in his pocket, left the path and forged upward.

On the other side of the clump of trees he halted and gaped. Resting on the grass was a huge black pebble. Its smoothness was marred by queer-shaped protuberances. And it had windows. Why, Morgan could see now, it even had a **door.**

Then the door opened and three men stepped out. Morgan murmured an awed oath in the old tongue he sometimes used to pull Beth's leg. And that reminded him he was getting late for the Isolation. But these chaps? Who were they? He had to find out. Beth would hear about this.

So he asked them. They looked at him with bright, searching eyes. They plucked blades of grass and examined them. They exchanged words, fast and clipped, in no language Morgan had ever heard. Then they approached, tall, friendly and frankly inquisitive. And only their garb was unearthly.

One of them addressed him and he felt silly at not understanding. The stranger extended a hand. Morgan paused. These chaps were foreigners, he knew that much, and they really oughtn't to be flying about all over Wales. And that pebble-shaped gadget. Morgan had seen some funny machines in an RAF field he'd passed on the Miner's annual Outing. But nothing like this.

Still, the chap was friendly, the hand still outstretched. Morgan grasped it. A cooling breeze moved across Cerrig Glo then and in the trees, the birds resumed their song.

"Pity I don't know where you're from," said Morgan. "You're not Russians, are you?"

The stranger pointed at the sun and strained upward, as if pointing **beyond** the sun.

"Up there?" Morgan gasped. "You chaps from **up there?**"

The strangers grinned at him.

Suddenly, Morgan grinned with them. He slapped his knee. He skipped and jigged and chuckled. He whirled and capered.

"Wait till I tell Beth," he cried. "Oh, by the Rock of Ages, wait till I tell my darling gel I was the first to meet —"

He checked himself. Wouldn't do to give the newcomers a wrong impression. So he walked around the big pebble, inspecting it with an air of authority.

"You've come a pretty long way," he said. "Must be hungry. Now where did I put Meg Howell's blackberries?"

When he found the basket, he handed it to them and made eating motions. They smiled their gratitude. While they ate, Morgan was vaguely aware of a growing importance. He was, after all, the unofficial (and quite unprepared) receptionist to these chaps from Wherever - it - was.

"You won't find everything shipshape here, I'm afraid," he warned them. "Not long since we had a war, see. Some talk of another one, too," he shook his head confidently, "but I wouldn't heed it. God knows there's enough worry from sickness and such."

He told them about Beth. They listened gravely, without apparent comprehension. At last he said, "Look, you go down to Penavon. That path will lead you to the bus stop. There's a pub there and a police station. Though," he added thoughtfully, "You won't get much sense from daft Sergeant Jenkins. Anyway, tell 'em I met you first. Say 'Morgan met us first,' see?"

He repeated it loud and slowly. "Sorry I can't show you around. No time, see. Beth'll give me the cokes if I'm late."

He made to leave. The stranger who had shaken his hand fumbled within his tunic and drew out a multifaceted object. It shone —— not blue or red or green alone but with an endless radiation of every color and blend. He placed it in Morgan's palm.

It flashed. It tingled. Morgan said, "A jewel? A jewel from way up there?"

He studied it, wondering whether to accept. Slowly he lifted his eyes to the other's face. The stranger spoke, it sounded like 'Beth' but Morgan couldn't be sure. Still, Beth would like it . . .

"Good of you, it is." He wiped a sleeve across his brow. "Thank you, then."

He was off, running across the field and along the path. The strangers watched him in silence until he was out of their sight.

Little Morgan ran all the way to Penavon Isolation Hospital. As usual, the man at the gate frowned at him huffily. Thinks he's Lord Muck, thought Morgan, but today, today I could put him in his place. And he stopped for an instant to do just that but remembered the time and kept on running.

Like a swathed pudding, the plump nurse waited at the entrance to the ward. She held a medical chart in one hand, a pillowcase in the other.

Morgan stopped before her. He waited for his breath to return and blurted, "Afternoon, nurse, how's my gel, then?"

She opened her mouth to answer. Morgan didn't give her a chance. Throughout that last mad dash he'd been bursting with excitement.

"Oh, I've news for Beth indeed. Big news. Biggest news in the world."

The nurse lifted her hand. "Now, Mr. Morgan. I've news for you, I'm afraid. Not good, either. Poor Beth –"

Her meaning was a cold knife to the heart.

"No," said Little Morgan. "Not my Beth."

"Go to her," the nurse said. "Quiet, now."

He was on his knees at her bedside. "Beth," his voice trembled. "a jewel I've brought you. See? From so far away."

He closed her fingers over the stone's glowing riot. She smiled very faintly. Her eyes were weary.

"Little husband," she whispered, "dear little husband."

"Oh, Beth. . . oh, my gel, my darling gel. ."

The biggest news in the world choked and died in Morgan's throat and he buried his face in the bed at her side.

The nurse didn't heed. She was drawn to the window by a commotion outside. People were shouting and pointing at the sky.

She opened the window. Down in Cwm valley they opened the windows. Throughout Wales and all over the world windows were opening and the people stared, some fearfully and many with hope, at the crowded sky.

But Little Morgan was conscious only of the rough feel of the blanket and the stillness of Beth and the salt of his own tears.

END

ELIZABETH KLARER'S FLYING SAUCER

(*Concluded from page* 69)

weeks on end.

"The family was back on the farm in the summer. Mrs. Klarer was strangely expectant. On the morning of July 17, about 11 a.m., when everybody was settling down for a nice cup of tea, she however preferred to get up and go out into the open. On her way she picked up the box camera of her daughter. She had climbed an elevation, this time not very far from the homestead. While she was watching a storm brewing in the south with massive thunderclouds forming over the Berg, out from among the clouds a saucer, the saucer, appeared. It flew all around her, showing its paces and doing various manoeuvers. It was coming and going in and out of the clouds, generally offering her the opportunity to use up the film, which she did, 'shooting' away at the craft. Of seven photographs taken, two or three were particularly good, sharp, defined and convincing (as illustrated) while the rest were blurred.

"Negatives and object have been examined and studied. Nobody could find anything that would arouse suspicions. The family of Major Flowers, Elizabeth Klarer's brother-in-law, is in the position to testify that she took the photographs all by herself. No, there was no one to 'help her throw the hub-cap into the air,' as it immediately has been advanced, of course.

"Apart from Mrs. Klarer being of too frail a stature to be able to handle hub-caps, and a box camera at the same time, we have," Mr. Sievers stated, "'despite long-lasting effort, yet to discover that particular make of hub-cap which she could possibly have used. There simply is none that would come even half as near to the design of the saucer as it appears on the negative. The craft is of the type about 50 to 60 ft. in diameter, with a flat and wide dome, not with the half-sphere dome as seen on Adamski's and Allingham's photographs. Incidentally, saucers and a carrier ship have been seen over Major Flower's estate on more than one occasion. The hope is that these developments will not yet have come to their end."

THE END

SAUCER OVER

When a saucer is seen by a human being might be an illusion. But when a sau- with electronic "eyes", then we must be process of laughing — and even more so

EUROPE, gripped in an Arctic spell, was more concerned with keeping warm than with flying saucers on February 19, 1956. It was a clear night with the moon shining brightly amid twinkling stars.

At Orly Airport, Paris, snug in the radar control room thick with the smell of "Gauloise" cigarettes, an operator, his face bathed in the pale green fluorescent light of the radar screen, kept a routine check on air traffic in the area.

The screen was clear and the hands of the clock beside it were coming up for 22 50 hours — seventy minutes to midnight — when a blip with a difference showed up. Interested, the operator leaned forward to get a better look. Immediately, he summoned his colleagues and warned the tower. For here was something unusual; an "echo" twice as large as the echo of the largest known aircraft. An echo that did not fit into the scheduled traffic pattern for Paris. What's more, it behaved in a manner quite unlike anything the operator had ever seen before.

Cruising around, it would slow down to a hover, rather like a helicopter, only to accelerate at incredible speeds after a short while Soon after it appeared radar showed it to be directly over Gometz-le-Chatel, Seine et Oise Thirty seconds later it was 30 kilometres away (18 miles) over Boissy Saint Leger. No need for a slide rule to work out its speed: one kilometre per second, which equals 3,600 kilometres an hour or nearly 2.250 miles an hour.

A second, but more familiar blip then appeared on the screen. It was soon identified as a Douglas Dakota air liner on the regular Paris-London Air France service flying over the military air base at

PARIS

there is some basis to believe that it cer is observed by a cold-metal machine careful of how we hold our mouth in the when both human and electron eye agree!

Les Mureaux, 4,500 feet up; 800 feet lower than the u.f.o. Orly immediately radioed the pilot that a u.f.o. was on its approximate path.

On board, Radio Operator Beaupertuis nearly choked with incredulity — but as he passed Orly's message to the skipper he caught sight of the object through a porthole. It was on the starboard beam — an enormous thing, rather indistinct in outline, lit here and there by a red glow.

Commenting on the incident in a report to the French Ministry of Civil Aviation, the skipper, Captain Desavoi, said: "For a full thirty seconds we watched the object without being able to decide exactly on its size or percise shape. "In flight," he added, "it is virtually impossible to estimate distances and dimensions. But of one thing we are certain. It was no civil air liner For it carried none of the navigation lights regulations stipulate are a must.

"I was then warned by Orly that the object had moved to my port side, so I turned towards it. But they called to say it had left us and was speeding towards Le Bourget. About ten minutes later control called again to say the object was several miles above us. But we couldn't see it, nor did we see it again."

The odd thing about this particular u.f.o. is that neither Le Bourget nor Pars Observatory picked it up on their radar screens. But on the Orly screen its fantastic waltz over a radius of about 50 kilmetres (30 miles) was followed for about four hours.

Other observers to see it included Monsieur Devot, whose home is at Etiolles, Seine - et - Oise. His description: "A lighted oil lamp in a strong wind."

THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL

By Ray Palmer

So you think it was Kenneth Arnold who started our modern saga of the Flying Saucers? While it was true that it was his June 24, 1947 sighting that gave birth to the "saucers", it was in 1944 that a "man of mystery" from Barto, Pennsylvania first told the world of what was to come. Today his fantastic story, with its incredible prophecy, is almost unknown to "saucerians", but its importance has not lessened. Here is the story of the real "scoop" of the century, the man who discovered the modern flying saucer and warned the world.

What would you think if you were told about amazing disk - ships that flew between planets; even operated from bases beneath the Earth's surface, unknown to man on the surface — and three years later they actually showed up and startled the whole world, thus vindicating the man whose story you found too impossible to believe?

You'd think of the **other** things he'd told you, and you'd look for them to come to pass too! And if you acted on the assumption that they **would**, you'd hold a tremendous advantage over other investigators, if they **did**.

And they did!

The day it began I was reading manuscripts. I was editor of a whole string of pulp fiction magazines for one of the biggest publishers in the country. Several of them were of the type called science fiction. Wilder stories had never been told, and I was used to fantastic manuscripts. Thus, when I picked up one titled "A Warning To Future Man" I read the first page and stopped. This wasn't a story. It wasn't a bit dramatic. It was appearently exactly what its title said it was. I stopped and looked at the author's name. Richard S. Shaver Suddenly a bell rang in my mind. This was the Richard S Shaver who had written me of an "ancient alphabet" which he claimed was the origin of all Earth languages, and the language of people of space and other worlds as well. It was called "Mantong". I'd printed his letter because a casual sampling of the definitions given had proven to have interesting results, and I'd decided to let my readers have fun with it. Many hundreds of letters weren't a bit fun-

ny, however, when they supported his claim, and said the "alphabet" had much more to it than I'd suspected. Whatever it was, ancient language of space or not, it had **something**, and if it was a fabrication, it was mighty clever.

Here I had a manuscript written in the same serious vein by the same man — and the possibility that so clever a man could begin so ineptly in a "story" did not seem logical. Unless, like the alphabet, this **wasn't** a story?

I read it through — and when I'd finished, I'd become the first man in modern times to know of the flying saucers, only I didn't know then what it was that I knew.

The story, as a story, was no good. It was a warning from a man long dead, one Mutan Mion, a "culture" man of a civilization of many thousands of years ago, before the Titans and Atlans of ancient Lemuria and Atlantis fled the Earth because of a great catastrophe caused by an explosion on the sun. The warning consisted of the dual one that the descendents of those left behind still lived in deep caves, and were the "devils" of our superstitions; and that the sun was still continually throwing off radioactive poisons (including Strontium) (another startling prediction, because today Strontium 90 is the most feared radioactive poison on earth!) that caused us to age, and prevented us from living the hundreds, even thousands of years that our ancient forebearers lived. That was the reason for their flight from Earth — in the **flying saucers.** But to take the character of Mutan Moni, and go back to the day of the actual sun explosion and the exodus from Earth, would make a very fine story. I took that basis, and wrote that story — and on an impluse, decided to ape the author and label it "true".

Fifty thousand readers wrote in to say they believed it was true, because.

But I didn't really believe it.

On June 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold made me believe it!

The flying saucers were back!

Just as Richard S. Shaver had said they would come.

Sightings came fast and furious then. Especially the sightings of Captain E. J. Smith and his crew on July 4, 1947. And at last came a personal report to me of an accident to a flying saucer, and a box full of fragments from it. IF Shaver was right, certain **other** things would happen, and certain other things should be looked for. And who else to send but Kenneth Arnold himself! I sent him to Tacoma. Captain E. J. Smith joined him there. While they investigated, I mentally listed certain things that they would find, IF Shaver was right.

When they found them, I knew the answer to the flying saucers, but I also knew something else. I acted swiftly, but it was too late. Two men were already dead, and four more were to die shortly.

They had died **just as Richard Shaver had said they would.**

A hoax, the army called it. Specifically, my hoax. A particularly inept one, because of the deaths involved. But it wasn't a hoax. The whole thing had been foretold and published three years before, in the pages of a manuscript the author insisted was **not fiction.** How, then could it have been a hoax?

Gray Barker has written a book called "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers". In it he touches on the Shaver incident, in re-

(*Concluded on page* 81)

FLYING SAUCER CLUB NEWS

Each issue, this section of FLYING SAUCERS will be devoted to news of the various discussion clubs and research groups all over the world, which are devoted to flying saucers and related subjects. If you are interested in joining such a group in your neighborhood, you may find news of it here. If you wish to notify others of your group, here is the place to let them know about it. If you wish to form a local group, let us publish your request. Send us your reports and news items, concerning club doings, and we will be happy to give you space in this department of FLYING SAUCERS.

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A flying saucer research council has been formed in Japan, and is very active locally It has published its own newspaper called "spaceship". You can contact this club by writing to Yusuke Matsumura, Flying Saucer Study Group, Isogo P. O. Box 3, Yokohama, Japan.

The Queensland, Australia Flying Saucer Research Bureau wishes to exchange information with other groups throughout the world. Please address C. A. Lehmann, Secretary, Queensland Flying Saucer Research Bureau, 72, Bowen St., Windsor, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

The Detroit Flying Saucer Club is headed by Henry Maday, 6432 Cass Avenue, Detroit 2, Michigan, and their publication is called "Vimana".

The Vancouver Area Flying Saucer Club was formed at a meeting held in West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada on June 18, 1956. The address is G. P. O. Box 650, Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Organizer was Herb D. Clark, retired electrical contractor, and secretary is Miss O. M Beaton. Miss Beaton has done an excellent job on Canadian saucer research and was very active in the formation of the club. Lectures are being organized, the first speaker being Daniel W. Fry, 49-year-old guided missile technician who claims to have flown from White Sands, New Mexico to New York and back in a saucer at a speed of 8,000 miles per hour, in 30 minutes. His lecture was attended by 250 people, and further personalities in the flying saucer field will be invited to speak.

Brazil's entry into the flying saucer group society is the Centro de Pesquisa dos Discos Voadores located

in Sao Paulo. It is headed by Senhor Jose Escobar Faria. A bulletin is published called "The Flying Saucer" which can be obtained by writing to him at P. O. Box 8449, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

A flying saucer exhibition was held in Johannesburg, South Africa on October 4 through 10, 1956, according to Miss Ann Grevler, a member of the Interplanetary Craft Research Society of Southern Africa, Box 9710, Johannesburg, South Africa.

If you live in or near Prescott, Arizona, you might be interested in the Telonic Research Center, P.O. Box 1654, Prescott, Arizona. George Hunt Williamson (now expeditioning in Peru), author of the sensational book OTHER TONGUES — OTHER FLESH, the first truly scholarly book on flying saucers, giving proof in actual research, even into ancient civilizations, is a member of this group

One of the most publicized and active of all groups is the College of Universal Wisdom, headed by George W. Van Tassel, at Giant Rock, California. Address is P. O. Box 419, Yucca Valley, California. It is at Giant Rock that the annual Flying Saucer Convention is held.

"Orbit" is the publication of the Cincinnati, Ohio group known as Civilian Research, Interplanetary Flying Objects, 7017 Britton Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

THE END

THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL

(*Concluded from page 79*)

lation to the Tacoma Incident. But he doesn't know the half of it!

Yes, the Tacoma Incident was a hoax. A savage, sadistic hoax. The fragments of the "saucer" were nothing more than slag from the Tacoma smelter plant. We know that now. Yet, when those two airmen died, it was called an accident. And that's all it could have been, except for one thing.

Shaver had said, three years before, that they would die, and exactly how they would die. No, he hadn't mentioned names, like Brown and Davidson — or Mantell. The point of interest here is that had I **known** at the time Mantell was making his pursuit of "something huge and metallic", and had heard his last words concerning his attempt to reach it, I could have predicted what would happen, and would not have been surprised when it happened!

When you know that this is true, you read Gray Barker's book with new respect. And a bit of trepidation. For if Shaver is 100% right, then you know more about flying saucers than anybody, and Gray Barker says that's too much!

But whatever all this brings to your mind in the way of questions, all I intended to say was that Richard S. Shaver is the man who started it all.

And what does Mr. Shaver say about investigators? He says you'll never catch a flying saucer, and you'll never shoot one down. He's said that from the beginning, and so far, they haven't.

It would be a relief if they did, because then I could let go of that mental bear I've got by the tail.

But they won't. . .

THE END

SIGHTINGS by SCIENTISTS

Various astronomers have seen the mysterious unidentified flying objects known as flying saucers; and not a few of them are seriously investigating the riddle. Here are several of the most prominent, and their conclusions.

Do you think it is only the untrained observer who has seen the flying saucers? If so, you are badly mistaken! A complete list of competent, scientifically trained observers would be staggering, but in this resume, we will limit ourselves to astronomers, and to only a very few of these. Their evidence should be convincing enough.

Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, from Las Cruces, New Mexico, is perhaps the most famous of the American astronomers because he was the discoverer of Pluto in 1930. He is the President of Society of Astronomy of Las Cruces. Actually he works for the American Government and is the leader of a Project for the search of unknown natural satellites ("moonlets") which possibly exist orbiting around our planet.

On July 16th 1947, Dr. Tombaugh was driving from Clovis to Clines Corner, New Mexico, with his wife and two grown-up daughters. It was a beautiful sunny day, but toward the West the sky was a confused sea of clouds. At 4:47 p.m. all the passengers in the car sighted almost at the same time **"a curious shiny object, almost immobile among the clouds.** (The course of the car was such as to have the clouds ahead). Immediately from long habit of studying celestial phenomena, Dr. Tombaugh started doing some computation using whatever means at the moment available. Thus he measured the size of the object against the windshield and the distance from that point to his eyes, etc. According to the scientist's description, the object presented well defined lines - steady and regular-round in shape (elliptical) and it was much more accentuated than the edges of the clouds near it. It was **luminous** and the color seemed to be the same "hue" as Jupiter's against a dark sky, although not so white; it was not silvery or aluminum - hued. The body distinctly exhibited some sort of **oscillatory motion,** thus announcing its rigid constitution or solidity. After 30 seconds observation the ellipsoid entered a cloud slowly. (273 degrees of azimuth, elevation 1 degree) But it reappeared 5 seconds later (275 degrees of azimuth, elevation 2 degrees). **"This sudden and surprising ascension thoroughly convinced me that we were dealing with a flying thing absolutely new,"** informed Dr. Tombaugh, adding: "When seen projected against those dark clouds the object gave the impression of being self - luminous."

After two and a half minutes the UFO finally disappeared behind a cloud bank. Dr. Tombaugh has calculated that the object was at less than 30 and more than 20 miles from the place where he was during the observation. He also said that the object was an ellipsoid and seemed to be rigid; it measured 160 feet in

length by 65 feet width as seen from the minimum distance mentioned; if seen at a 30 miles distance then it would be 245 long and 100 feet wide; its speed was reckoned to be from 120 to 180 miles and **the acceleration in vertical ascension, from 600 to 900 miles per hour.** The UFO moved silently and was not leaving any trail of gases, smoke or condensed vapor.

On August 20th 1949, Dr. Tombaugh had the good or bad luck of sighting another UFO, while conversing with his wife and his mother - in - law in the garden of their home in Las Cruces. In a letter to the Harvard astronomer, Dr. Donald Menzel, Dr. Tombaugh describes the sighting and states that he had never seen so strange a phenomenom, so much so that his impression about the object was somewhat confused.

What would Dr. Tombaugh's opinion be about flying saucers? Although he has prudently abstained from any direct statement, there are a few significant clues pointing at a certain direction. For instance: on February 13th 1954 at the end of a speech about the Moon in the Astronomy Society of Las Cruzes, Dr. Tombaugh made a strange advertence to those present; he asked them to keep their eyes peeled for saucers and be ready to report quickly and with exactitude any sighting. He concluded by saying that an increase in UFO sightings was expected.

Professor Hall, astronomer of the Lowell Observatory in Massachussets has been qouted by Aime Michel as having sighted a **shiny silvery disc** moving slowly in the sky at 13:00 on **May 20, 1950.** The scientist examined the UFO with binoculars and estimated its apparent diameter and motion by means of the theodolite. His description is very precise: ". . . a metallic shiny disc surrounded by some condensation or mist as though it were a small cumulus; this sort of white mist was agitated by ascending and whirling movements and moved along with the object." Mr. Hall reckoned that the UFO was at a distance ranging between 2 and 4 kilometers (mile and a quarter to two and a half miles); its diameter was from 10 to 20 meters (33 to 70 feet) and its speed was nearly 300 kilometers per hour (about 180 mph).

Dr. Seymour L. Hess Professor of Meteorology at the University of Florida. **On May 22, 1950,** two days after Hall's sighting saw a flying saucer at 12:15 flying slowly among the clouds. The sighting took place at the Flagstaff Observatory, where at the time he was the resident astronomer. In an interview to the local press the scientist described the UFO as ". . a disc-like shiny object, apparently metallic and appearing as a dark silhouette when within the clouds' shadows. It reflected light as though it were a mirror when out in the clear." The highest altitude of the object could be known with precision because the height of the clouds had been measured. Knowing this altitude and its apparent diameter Dr. Hess worked out the real diameter and found it to be from 3 to 6 feet! It was one of the smaller ever reported. The thing could be seen without any visual or optical help, but Dr. Hess studied it with a 4-power binocular and learned that the object flew penetrating the clouds, therefore could not be a balloon which would fly with the wind; it was evidently not an aircraft, at least not one of known type: it was noiseless.

Some months later the French astronomer Gerard de Vaucouleurs wrote to Dr. Hess requesting his confirmation or denial about the report. Hess answered repeating his story thus confirming the sighting in its minimum details.

Dr. G. Duncan Fletcher, Vice-President of the Astronomical Society of Kenya, Africa. **On October 15, 1954,** a Reuters dispatch originated in Nairobi, Kenya, informed that a flying saucer had been seen by Dr. Fletcher. More surprising yet was the astronomer's conviction that **the saucers were machines from another world.**

Dr. Frank Halstead, astronomer of the Darling Observatory in Duluth. **In early July of 1954,** this scientist talking to a newspaper reporter about the flying saucers said: **"The government knows what the saucers are but it fears a panic if it reveals the facts . . . Many professional astronomers are convinced that the saucers are interplanetary machines . . . I think they come from another solar system, but they may be using Mars as a base."**

Dr. Harold Percy Wilkins, F.R.A.S., Director of the British Astronomical Association, Lunar Section, Honorary President of Astronomical Society of Spain and America, etc., (not to be mistaken for Mr. Harold T. Wilkins, author of two books about flying saucers).

Dr. Wilkins is perhaps the greatest of the British astronomers at this date. In his last book this man of science dedicates a whole chapter (Flying Things in Space) to the study of flying saucers. In that chapter after discussing the enormous difficulties hindering the investigations and after analyzing all possible causes of mistakes, Dr. Wilkins writes (page 40): "Although the existence of 'flying-saucers' on or near the Moon can be discounted, we cannot lightly dismiss all reports of strange and unidentified objects seen within our own atmosphere.

The majority of such reports deal with such things as meteorological balloons, birds, seeds and optical phenomena, but a residuum remains which cannot be thus explained. **I confess that I was not merely a skeptic but a firm unbeliever in any such objects until I had the pleasure of undertaking a lecture tour of the United States. . . ."** Then Dr. Wilkins narrates that in the morning of June 11, 1954, while flying from Charleston to Atlanta, **he was greatly surprised by seeing those unidentified flying objects.** The sighting lasted for two minutes and is described in lavish detail (pages 40 to 42). The unknown were oval in shape and their edges were clean cut. Two of them moved slowly above the clouds and were yellow-something the color of gold, and reflected the sun rays as highly polished metal plates. Their motion was into the wind and they flew close to each other. The third object was like the others in shape, and appeared suddenly from another direction at high speed. It described a curve and disappeared into a cloud. This one was opaque and greenish, probably because it was in the shadow. Its rapid maneuver was completed in less than five seconds after it started moving. Dr. Wilkins reckoned its speed to be 320 feet per second - about 218 miles per hour and its diameter (real diameter) was 50 feet.

On page 42 Dr. Wilkins declares that he was surprised to learn that in the United States cultured people and men of science including members of observatory staffs,

formerly hostile to the existence of flying saucers, now reserve their opinion and are interested in the problem. Some told him that they had seen strange things in the sky which could not be accounted for. Finally Dr. Wilkins writes: "ONE THING IS CERTAIN: IF THEY are SOLID OBJECTS CAPABLE OF MOVING IN ANY DESIRED DIRECTION AT ANY DESIRED SPEED THEN THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DEVISED AND ARE OPERATED AND CONTROLLED BY INTELLIGENCE SUPERIOR TO MAN."

THE END

One by one, the leading figures among flying saucer researchers, who have challenged the government denial that saucers come from outer space, have been silenced. They are still alive, still living where they used to. But they will no longer talk about flying saucers or reveal why they refuse to do so.

Who were the three men in dark suits that visited them? Were they government agents, or agents of other planets? Whoever they were, they have silenced the researchers.

Now . . . in THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, you may read the facts behind this frightening story — facts never before published!

Gray Barker, the author, was Chief Investigator for the International Flying Saucer Bureau—an organization which had its principal leader silenced by three men in black before he could reveal to the world his solution of the flying saucer mystery. Other leading investigators have also been intimidated. All their stories are here

They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers

Grey Barker remains one of the unsilenced few. His true, amazing report includes eye-witness accounts of the famed Flatwoods "monster" which landed on a dark West Virginia hillside.

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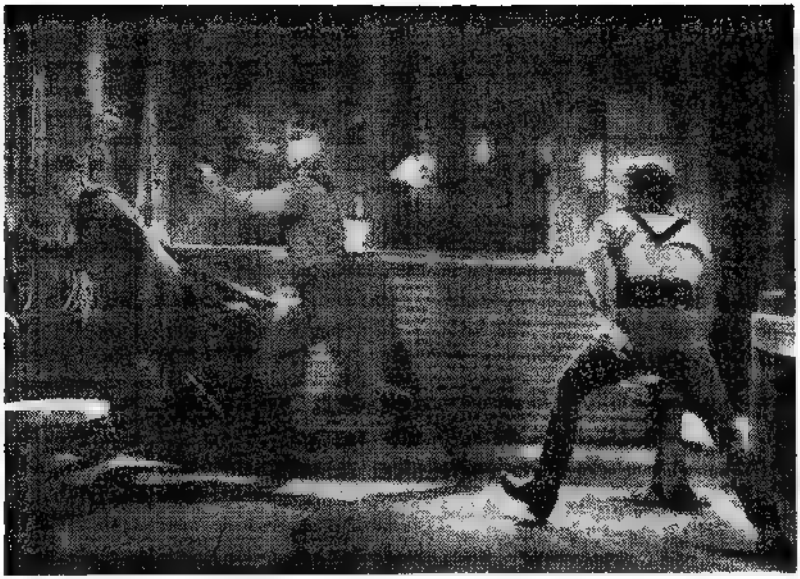

"Don't let him out of here, or he'll spread the news all over the city!"

FICTION

PUBLIC SERVANT

By Marilyn Bullock

Death was on its way to Dicon; but to Farraday that wasn't the real problem. It was more important that his newspaper be a public servant.

Funerals are costly, and the bank, although entirely sympathetic, was unwilling to finance the burial of a newspaper. John Farraday smiled wryly at his own thought as he strode through the cool corridors of the bank, his heels leaving great obscene dents in the plush carpet. He couldn't blame the bank after all. It would be like throwing money into space to float a loan for the rapidly collapsing **Centurion**; like giving an old lady money for a final fling before she died.

The **Centurion** was very much like a tired old lady. All the other newspapers had died a long time ago. Only the **Centurion** was left. "And we're dying, too." Farraday thought as he stepped from the Satellite of Earth Bank onto the slidewalk.

The day was viciously hot. All around him, citizens of the tiny planet Dicon were swarming sluggishly about their business. On any other day, Farraday would have felt a tinge of pride at their progress on this obscure planet in an obscure

galaxy, but today he only felt tired.

Twenty years before, he and a small group of earthmen had come to inhabit uninhabited Dicon. In those days, the earth was offering a price for the addition of satellites, and eventually the pioneers were rewarded. John Farraday had needed no reward. He enjoyed being the editor of the only surviving newspaper in the entire System. That, however, was before ITCS.

ITCS was an abbreviated way of spelling trouble for newspapers.

When the Inter - Terrestrial Communciations Service finally set up business on Dicon, Farraday knew that the **Centurion** was going to be edged out of competition.

ITCS relayed all its news by personal radio at all hours, in all conditions. "A flick of the switch, and the news of the minute is yours." Their slogan irked him but he had to admit it was true. Practically every citizen in the solar System had a tiny ITCS communicator clipped to his belt. Unconditionally guaranteed, the communicator ran for years without rejuvenation.

Besides, their staff was monstrous and efficient. Farraday had been asked to sell out and join the ITCS as news co-ordinator, "to go along with progress" Pride and something else had made him refuse. He wasn't convinced that humans and extra-terrestrials were ready to give up reading.

Preoccupied, he almost forgot to get off the slidewalk at the correct intersection. Striding quickly across the wide concrete apron which separated the **Centurion** offices from the thorofare, Farraday could not help feeling the old stirring of pride.

He ran a hand through his coarse black hair and smiled at the clumsily outdated white brick building which stood squattly between two glowering modern chrome and glass monsters. Farraday unconsciously pictured the front part of the structure, its space comfortably crammed with busy offices, and in the back... the presses, two magnificent products of the human mind Electronically operated, they combined the type-setting, linotyping, stereotyping and printing processes into one grand cycle. They needed only a single man to operate them to push buttons.

Ernie Colemarra was that man. Old, a little roughened by time, he had worked his way up from printer's devil (in the days when printers needed helpers) to chief printer for John Farraday's father's newspaper. When old Mr. Farraday died, Ernie stubbornly clung to John, and John had taken him along to Dicon. Ernie had never quite gotten used to the sterile presses. He hated progress with every ink - stained bone in his body

Farraday swelled with affection for Ernie and the two machines. He admitted to himself that they symbolized a dream. To stop the presses would be like strangling his dream and his belief in tradition. It seemed wrong to give up something because it was no longer efficient. There had to be a better reason.

The glass door swung open obediently at Farraday's approach. He stepped inside, and suddenly became aware of an unaccustomed hum. It was the two presses. He glanced at his chronometer. 1400. The evening edition was never run off until 1500. Scorning the lift, Farraday rushed up two flights of stairs into the city room.

"What's going on?" he thundered. A vibrant tension was pulsating through the room.

"We finally got ourselves a break, John," said a long, lanky man un-

folding himself from the rim of the city desk. "ITCS hasn't gotten wind of it yet. We told Ernie to run an early edition. We didn't think you. . . . ."

"What hasn't ITCS gotten wind of yet, Akin?" Farraday cut in, eyeing his assistant editor suspiciously.

"A new planet. An old space drifter, a prospector, discovered it near. ."

"Never mind the details," Farraday prodded impatiently. "How did we get the news first?"

Akin smiled. "The prospector was a friend of my brother. He grubstaked him once or twice, so the old boy owed us a favor." Farraday no longer felt tired. "Akin, you and your wonderful connections are going to get a raise. Wait 'til this edition hits the streets."

Within the hour, the **Centurion's** beat on ITCS broke, and the public gobbled it up eagerly. A victory for the press. ITCS maintained a tactful silence while in the offices of the **Centurion**, the staff, sparked by the novel encouragement, worked with energy. Sales climbed.

But the public's desire for news. . . fast . was insatiable. They were convinced that the **Centurion** could not do it again What was more outdated than a twenty - second century newspaper? Farraday kept hoping. Daily, as he made out assignment sheets, he prayed and cursed alternately that something would break. Nothing happened. Sales slid.

Farraday sat hunched in his chair in the vaguely noisy city room and stared broodingly out of the window. It was raining in thick, misty sheets, signifying the beginning of winter. Farraday gnawed meditatively on his knuckles. He worried the problem, turning it over and over. He was deep in thought when Davidson staggered into the city room. The young reporter's head and ear were caked with blood and he was sobbing hysterically.

A numbed day side staff stood and stared in shock. Farraday sprinted across the room and reached Davidson just as he collapsed. "Tan Mac," Farraday wrenched out, "gimme a hand. Help me carry him into my office. There's a couch there."

The two rewrite men sparked into action. In a moment, Davidson was stretched out on Farraday's old leather couch, moaning softly. "Quick," Farraday snapped. "See if you can reach Doc Morton." Tan and Mac left, prudently closing the door on the buzz of excitement in the city room. Davidson was already beginning to come out of it. Farraday went to his sink, wet a towel, returned, knelt beside Davidson, and deftly sponged the blood - stained face. Gently, he turned the reporter's head to the light. The cut was bad, very bad.

"What happened to you?" he asked. Davidson stirred apprehensively and made a dry sound in his throat. When he finally began to speak, his voice was brittle and far away.

"Went over to Space Debris Charting Department this morning, as usual. Just walked in the door. there was a lot of shouting. Someone said 'That meteor will hit Dicon in two hours.'" He paused a moment, breathing hard. "Then someone saw me and said, 'Don't let him get out of here or he'll spread the news all over the city.' Before I could do anything, a couple of men grabbed me, pushed me into a little room, and locked the door. In a little while, the Director came into the

room and explained."

Farraday began to experience a crawling sensation as Davidson continued.

"A meteor, with the mass of a couple of billion tons, was charted in Sector VI, headed right toward this planet toward this city. There's one chance in twenty - five that it will burn itself out or be deflected before it hits. If it does hit us ." He fought for control. "Anyway, the Director wouldn't let me go. He had a gun. He said that he was keeping everyone who knew locked up, even his own staff. Everyone couldn't possibly get off Dicon in the short time that is left. He said if the news leaked out, people would grow panicky and kill themselves trying to escape. And there still is that one chance one lousy chance. My wife. Mr. Farraday, she's expecting a ." Farraday didn't want him to crack again.

"How did you get away?" he interrupted.

"I hit the Director, hard. I think maybe I killed him. I was scared, Mr. Farraday." His eyes pleaded. "Then I ran into some trouble with a couple of guards." Farraday was stunned.

Then Davidson began repeating over and over "My wife .. the baby. my wife." Jarred back to reality, Farraday directed a searching look at the reporter. The bleeding had stopped, it was only a fleshwound. But he was in no shape to move, in no state of mind to be let out on the street. How would his wife take the news if Davidson broke it to her and what if the meteor didn't hit? Was it worth it? Hastily Farraday went to his desk and dug through the drawers until he found a bottle filled with little yellow pills, Doc Morton's sedative. He dropped one of the pills in a glass of water and offered it to Davidson. The man drank it gratefully and sank back exhausted.

Farraday suddenly became aware that someone was tapping on the door. He took a deep breath, and opened it. Tan was waiting anxiously. "I can't get Doc Morton He left this morning on a vacation trip. Want me to call someone else?"

"No, that is — Davidson's going to be all right. He had a narrow squeak, a bad accident. The kid's all upset. I'll take him home myself after he calms down a bit."

Tan grinned in relief. "Sure glad to hear it wasn't serious, Mr. Farraday. Poor guy really had us worried."

"Me too," Farraday said. "I'm going to stay with him for a while. Go tell everyone the kid's all right, won't you?"

Tan nodded and backed off as Farraday closed the door. He returned and seated himself beside Davidson.

Farraday absently laid a hand on the quivering man's shoulder, his own mind stampeding. He had faced death in a thousand ways a thousand times on this new planet, but it still frightened him. He knew he could control himself, yet there was something else he had to think about . something he had to decide. His instinct as a newspaperman was strong, almost stronger than fear. Davidson had just dumped the biggest story of all time in his lap. A clear scoop.

A meteor was crashing toward Dicon with odds of 25 to one on its fiery tail. A betting man would sneer at those odds. Farraday's head ached. "Think." he lashed his brain. "Make a decision." He rose and turned blindly toward the window.

Down in the street, a few hardy citizens scurried through the rain, oblivious to the menace.

Farraday closed his eyes. If he printed the news of the approaching death, the population would kill itself in panic to get off the planet. They couldn't move to any other sector on Dicon. It was a barren planet revolving about its own sun, and totally undeveloped. The city was the only nucleus of survival.

If the meteor didn't strike, the panic would subside. After what was left of the citizenry had mourned their dead, they would see that the **Centurion** never printed another story And they would do a thorough job. Farraday shuddered involuntarily.

He could hear the presses clear their throats as they prepared to run off the evening edition. Now the familiar steady throbbing as they warmed to the first few copies. A minute would suffice for him to call the composing room and have Ernie insert the extra story.

In a short time, the first copy would be run off the press. It would be sealed in a tube, delivered to the space port, and in five minutes, it would be aboard the mail ship **Stag** on its way to earth.

Then, when the meteor hit Earth would tell the universe that the **Centurion** had stood its ground as a concientious newspaper to the end. Tradition would be served.

Still there was that one chance. . . one slender chance. Farraday turned to the interphone and dialed the composing room.

Ernie's wrinkled face appeared on the vision screen. "What do you want Mr. Farraday? We're ready to roll." Farraday took a deep breath.

"Ernie" he said urgently, "I want you to listen to me. We're running an extra. Take down this story on tape and feed it to the presses, but listen to it."

"OK" Ernie said and his face was a mask of bewilderment. Farraday dictated the meteor story almost without emotion. At the end, his mouth was dry. "That's thirty," Farraday said. "Well? Ernie you still there?"

Ernie's face reappeared on the screen. "Still here." he said.

"What do you think?"

Ernie's face was expressionless. "I think I think you and me have had a lot of chances to die before this. More than other people. The citizens haven't had it raw like us colonists. We can kind of die easier, can't we? That's what you wanted to know, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Farraday said. "That's what I wanted to know." He switched off the interphone.

Soon there was a momentary lull in the noise of the presses. Ernie had slowed them to wait for the insertion of the new stuff. Time was getting short. Farraday turned back to the window. He searched the skies and waited. In a little while, a deep throated rumble issuing from the presses told him that operation meteor warning was underway.

The rumble shifted to a high - pitched roar. Farraday began to sweat. They were topping ITCS for the second time. Somehow, the victory tasted bitter. A half - forgotten phrase began to gnaw at Farraday.

"The newspaper is a public servant. It must never incite riots or panic."

Riots or panic.

Panic and riots. That was a poor description for the mass hysteria that would develop when the Cen-

turion hit the streets. Farraday glanced at the time. That would be in a few minutes.

The newspaper is a public servant.

He was serving death on a silver platter.

There was still one chance in twenty - five.

Farraday dove for the phone.

"Ernie," he shouted, heart pounding. "Ernie."

There was still time, but hurry.

"Ernie here," came the voice of the chief printer and his sweaty countenance appeared on the vision screen.

"What do you want, Mr. Farraday?"

John Farraday spoke slowly. "Stop the presses, Ernie. Kill that meteor story."

"But Mr. Farraday. . ."

"I said KILL IT." He threw the switch on the interphone and Ernie's face died a surprised death on the vision screen. Or was it surprise?

Farraday suddenly felt a tired calm settle over him. He stepped quietly from his office, glancing over his shoulder at Davidson. He might never wake up again, but if he did, it would be better this way.

The city room was experiencing its usual post deadline apathy. He walked through it, impressing every detail of it on his memory. He loved this life but as Ernie said, "Us colonists die easier." However, these people. .he looked at his staff Citizens And out in the rain. More citizens. They'd die hard. It would be better if they never knew what hit them. And if it didn't hit?

Farraday strode slowly to the window. If the meteor didn't hit, well, 25 to one were terrible odds anyway. It wouldn't be a bad bet to lose. He heard a sighing whirr and shivered a little. His presses were silent.

Tan had noticed the shiver. Tan worried about Farraday. Even if he was a callous, cynical man, the Centurion just couldn't exist without him.

"Is everything all right, Mr. Farraday?" he asked. Farraday smiled and scanned the sky.

"Sure," he said, "Everything is OK."

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS

GEORGE ADAMSKI'S NEW BOOK

What has happened to George Adamski since he wrote the famous incidents in FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED? Since the memorable November 20, 1952, when he first made personal contact with a man from another world? And since December 13, 1952 when he was able to make photographs within 100 feet of the same saucer that had brought his original visitor?

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS is Adamski's own story of what has happened to him since then. It begins with his first meeting, a few months later, with a second man from another world—his first meeting with one who speaks to him. This second visitor brings him to a Venusian Scout (flying saucer) and this, in turn, brings him to a mother ship. Later he is conveyed in both a Saturnian Scout and a Saturnian Mother ship. Adamski tells us what transpires in these space craft and what the men and women from other worlds have told him.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, by Aime Michel. (Criterion Books, Inc., New York, $3 95.)

This book was originally published in France under the title **Lueurs sur les Soucoupes Volantes.** The author is a well-known French mathematician and engineer.

Two recently - published books by Messrs. Ruppelt and Keyhoe respectively were both extremely important for an understanding of the saucer problem. Ruppelt gave us a picture of the U.S.A.F. investigations through Project Blue Book into u.f.o.s, and Keyhoe gave us factual accounts of his own probings from a semi - official angle. Both of these books also concentrated the bulk of their researches in the United States

However, Michel's book must rank with those two books in importance. It is the most scholarly book written so far on the subject. It is not sensational, although always interesting. Undoubterly, it is the book which combines a perfect scientific approach, scholarship and fascinating new theories and information in one brilliant literary cocktail.

We have to thank the author's background for his open - minded scientific treatment of u.f.o.s. He holds several mathematical degrees, and is Science Editor of the French National Radio Network. Incidentally, Michel brings in supporting weight from high - rating European scientists.

He re - assesses some of the classical American sightings in a manner which can truly be admired, and as a Frenchman gives us some fascinating sighting reports from his own country, in addition to some from the rest of Europe, Africa and Asia.

The author devotes space in his book to an explanation of Lieutenant Plantier's gravity force field propulsion theory, showing how saucers could come here, breaking the gravity and thermal barriers and travel through interstellar space and time, notwithstanding our wonderful laws of attraction and gravitation.

The philosophical aspects of this enormous subject are also covered. Michel has some philosophical degrees, too.

* * *

FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED, by Harold T. Wilkins. (The Citadel Press, New York, $3.50)

Mr. Wilkins is well known to saucer researchers through his previous book, **Flying Saucers from the Moon,** which was given the unfortunate title of **Flying Saucers on the Attack** in the American version.

He has written a readable and scholarly new work, and the reader will find numerous fresh sightings and some interesting data concerning car windscreen shatterings, a phenomena common to both Britain and the States. Also considerable light is shown on strange objects dropping from the skies.

The author has emulated Major Donald Keyhoe in showing up official censorship (whether direct or indirect) regarding flying saucers.

However, I must confess that I put down this book with somewhat mixed feelings. I was irritated by Mr. Wilkins' continual harping on

his "saucers may be hostile" theme, and by his tendency to blame every aeroplane crash or disappearance on to the visitors from outer space.

I agree that the motive behind these visitations have not yet been officially given out to the world by our own authorities, but it has been established by many investigators — including Mr. Wilkins — that the saucers have been visiting us for thousands of years, and so far we have not been wiped out. Incidentally, on page 80 there is a fascinating reproduction of the world's earliest record of a flying saucer fleet, written in ancient Egypt, 5,500 years ago on a papyrus! If space visitors have evolved to the extent of mastering space flight at least 5,500 years ago — maybe longer — it does seem very odd that the best they can do now (if hostile) is to start a few fires and destroy one or two aircraft. No, it won't do, Mr. Wilkins!

Most of our readers will strongly support the author in his remarks about atomic and hydrogen bombs. There, I think, is one of the main reasons for the stepped up visits of saucers in recent years. They are here, I reckon, partly out of concern in case we blow up our planet and, in doing so, possibly start off some chain reaction throwing other planets in our Solar System out of their orbits, causing infinite chaos and destruction

A shrewd guess might be that the real villains are not the "Cosmic General Staff," as suggested by Mr. Wilkins, but the Military General Staffs of this familiar lil' old planet. What do you think?

* * *

UFO AND THE BIBLE, by M. K. Jessup. (The Citadel Press, New York, 126 pages $2.50.)

This is an important book for two reasons. Firstly, Mr. Jessup reveals that many phenomena mentioned in the Bible are actually u.f.o.s or due to the intelligences behind the u.f.o. Secondly, Mr. Jessup shows the Bible in an entirely new light, using the u.f.o. as the key. The whole of both the Old and the New Testaments take on an entirely new meaning, and, furthermore, a reconciliation is effected between the Bible and modern science.

Mr. Jessup devotes a considerable portion of the book to a verse - by - verse interpretation of the Gospel according to St. Mark, Chapter 13, in which a complete prophecy made by Christ 2,000 years ago is shown to be coming to pass in our own times, and this awe - inspiring statement also has u.f.o. significance.

The author has obviously carried out an enormous amount of valuable research in preparing the material for this timely book. It is extremely readable and is a book that it is very necessary to read for a fuller understanding of the implications behind u.f.o. visitations.

THE END

COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE:

Another installment of "Flying Saucer Pilgrimage" by those indefatigable traveling researchers, Bryant and Helen Reeve. Don't miss it!

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LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I know that many people in New York State have seen flying objects, but it is never published. Why?

Monday before Thanksgiving of 1956, at 5:30 P. M my sister and I were leaving Albany, N. Y. by way of Western Avenue, and while passing the golf course a very large object (lit up like a Christmas tree) rose into the air and many occupants of cars stopped to watch. Yet no mention of it ever appeared in the newspapers.

The Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving a strange object glided about between Albany and Schenectady, and on the same evening, later, it appeared at Esperance, in our locality. Again, no mention in the papers. If you print this, please do not use my name.

Anonymous,
Esperance, N. Y.

This writer, one of our subscribers, touches upon a point many wonder about —and it can be explained by the fact that although many saw the object, nobody reported it to the papers, or no reporter was among the viewers. We doubt if the mystery consists of more than that. . Rap.

Dear Sir:

Some people don't like the book by Mr. Angelucci, but I believe that if a man has the courage to say such things, they must be true. I have read the books written by Adamski, Bethurum and Fry about Space People and their philosophy and I am convinced that on the other planets of our System they still have the Paradise that has been lost on this earth

I listen to their signals on the radio every night. Here in Quebec the radio stations close at midnight and on 980 kilocycles they send Morse letters for some minutes. Last night they sent the letter "N" and the letter "O". Maybe some night they will send a message instead of single letters.

Paul Bernier,
Monastere des Dominicains
175, Grande-Allee Ouest
Quebec 6, Canada

This is a subject that interests us very much. Williamson and his associates are others who listen for messages via radio. Have you read his book, "The Saucers Speak"? It is out of print at present, but may be reprinted. As for Angelucci, the popularity of his book continues to amaze us. Rap.

Dear Sir:

On the book jacket of "Other Tongues —Other Flesh" by George Hunt Williamson, the picture of the bull with the girl hanging on to the horns, plus the ancient symbolic writings beside it, intrigue me. The author must know what all that signifies. Back in 1936 I had a series of inner experiences, and one of them was the same as the picture: I seemed to be riding a pure white bull, hanging on to the horns. It was galloping wildly at first, but seemed to tame down completely, at which time I gave it a piece of bread to eat. These inner experiences are very vivid, and leave a lasting impression. I have never found the answer. Now this picture plus the symbolic writing tells me this could be the answer. Could you get me an explanation of it? Does the book give a full explanation of it?

Mrs. Louis McLouth
7352 N. Seeley Ave.
Chicago 45, Ill.

The symbols on the jacket are just a few of the many inside the book. They are supposedly those of an ancient language which have been received by Williamson and his group from the space people. As for the girl on the bull, this is an ancient Cretan sport called "bull dancing" which was indulged in in the arena. It was very daring and thrilling, but did not have any special significance, other than that it was of some religious origin. ..... Rap.

Dear Ray:

To try and discredit the existence of the UFO's as interplanetary craft as is being done by the government sure seems funny to me in the light of which I read in a magazine called "Young Men". In the latest issue they bring up the fact that a number of the major aircraft manufacturers are working on a gravity engine. Once such an engine is perfected there should be no limit to the speed

that it can attain. This would naturally overcome the greatest barrier to speed and that is friction. I would say the main cause of friction isn't so much the friction between the aircraft and the air as it is between pull of gravity on the craft. So with the industry working on such an engine it seems that at least the UFO's are responsible for something. Now if they don't exist at least it seems that they are sure trying to speed up the developmen of the same type of engine that are said to be used in The UFO's. So either someone is trying to pull the wool over the public's eyes or the government actually knows a lot more than is being divulged.

Perhaps you can tell me of the whereabouts of George Hunt Williamson. The last thing I heard about him he had gone out into the desert of Arizona to try and establish contact with the people who run the UFO's.

I am an electronic technician, with a good background on both communication equipment and radar. I was on the M33 fire control radar project at Western Electric in Chicago from February 1952 to May 1954. Then I went into the field for the Radio Division on a secret Air Force project. As for Communications, I had 28 months of that during WW2 and from 1950-1954 in the Reserve.

I have been a Radio Amateur since August 31, 1946. I received my Class A (now Advanced Class License) in June of 1949.

I operate both code and phone and can go at about 20 wpm or better on the code.

Do you know of any amateur radio groups that meet on the amateur bands to have Flying Saucer or as I should say UFO discussions over the air?

I was told by both John Otto and George Williamson that I should listen for some communication from the Saucers and if they desired to contact me they would do so. Anyway nothing has happened yet.

Not too long ago an amateur friend of mine said that he was getting some type of signal that seemed to be coming from the Moon. He said that it seemed to be taking place because he was able to track the moon by the signal he received by orientating his antenna on the Moon as it moved across the sky. This was on 15 meters (21-21.450 megacycles).

According to John Otto some of the UFO's are able to pass through several different dimensions other than our third and the celebrated fourth. So when they suddenly disappear it may be due to raising the vibratory rate and passing into another dimension. As far as the third dimensional world is concerned, this is only a theory but could very well be taking place.

Joseph E. Kern
W5LTT
209 N. Robertson Ave.
Bryan, Texas

The friction of gravity (and that's what it really is) is something different from the friction of the atmosphere. And in that light, of course, you are correct in saying that any machine that will overcome gravity will virtually take off the limits on aircraft speeds and altitudes.

Williamson is in Peru, digging up new material for a new book he's doing for us. Yes, his book is out. See ad on page 2 of this issue. It's a humdinger, and is rapidly selling out its first edition.

I don't know of any group on the amateur wavelengths who devote their discussions to flying saucers, but if there are any among our readers, I hope they give you a call. We'll be happy to print call letters, time, etc., for making any such rendezvous for any "ham" who wishes to use our "Personals" column to advertise his desire for talking about flying saucers over the air.

Maybe we'd all be surprised if we knew the number of signals that are coming to earth from space, and how much attention is being paid to them! Take Grote Reber's big government listening station in Hawaii, for instance. Cost four million bucks!

Maybe Otto John isn't so far wrong! The newest wrinkle, according to famous physicists, is the actual existence of a fourth dimension as proved by mathematics AND observation!

Next issue we'll have a longer Letters section. Anybody who has anything to say, drop us a line, will you? We'll get you in print if possible! ..... Rap.

PERSONALS

Wish to purchase, rent or borrow book by George Adamski titled "My Trip to Mars, Moon and Venus." Leonora Ridge, Torrance, Muskoka, Ont., Canada.

* * *

Your personal items will be printed here free of charge. Just address them to Personals, care of this magazine.

WHY DON'T YOU PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

You might as well, if you're going to let dandruff and scale and skin rash make you bald as an egg. You've bought plenty of preparations, and they don't work, you say? Of course they haven't! You've probably been cheated as many times as I have. I'll bet I've spent hundreds of dollars on jim-dandy goo and wound up with worse dandruff than I started with. Made me plenty mad, too. I always get mad when I think of the lousy junk designed to chisel your honest dollars out of you. Mad enough so that when I find something good, I'm not bashful about telling my friends about it. And OTHER WORLDS readers are my friends. I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my home, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff because Ken's no sissy and doesn't put perfume on his hair. Well, in one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My wife tried it, and her rash disappeared. You can bet we wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it! And now, we're telling you. But don't just take our word for it—here are a few testimonials from our readers, to back us up.

As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Brandberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for $10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for another bottle of Turn-er's as soon as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors — none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Enough? Well, then take it from Ray Palmer, one bottle of

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Not too long after getting my small order of your chili seasoning, I made up a pot of chili and forgot your seasoning. After eating a small dish of it, I remembered the two envelopes of "Williams" I had, so I dumped in one package and forgot it until dinner. Well, the whole thing in a nut shell is I'll never be without Williams Chili Seasoning again! It's wonderful! I've always prided myself on real good chili, but not any more! Enclosed find $1.00 for five more envelopes of seasoning, so I can have some more REAL chili! Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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